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ACTION FOR **men**



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VOL. 4, NO. 3

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GAG LINE

A storekeeper was complaining to his friend about business. "Days can go by and a customer doesn't come in," he lamented. "The overhead is tremendous. I lose money every week."

"Why do you stay in business if it's so bad?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"A man has to make a living somehow."

• • •

The ROTC student in charge of the drill was marching his men around the field, rather uncertain of the proper commands. When he found himself and his men confronted by a huge fence, he didn't know quite what terms to use to get them around

it. He did some fast thinking and came up with, "Company dismissed for five minutes. Then fall in on the other side of the fence."

• • •

At the funeral of a well-known efficiency expert, the spectators were amazed to see the coffin lid spring open and the efficiency expert sit up. He turned to one of the pallbearers and said, "If they put this thing on wheels, they could let four of you go."

• • •

A businessman was in some trouble and went to see his lawyer about it. But to make sure he wasn't wasting his money, he said to the lawyer, "I'll

tell you the facts and then if you feel there are grounds for legal action, I'll pay you."

The lawyer agreed and the businessman went on to explain the facts of the case.

After hearing him out, the lawyer said, "The case is absolutely airtight. Why, the other guy hasn't a leg to stand on." He continued, "My fees will be \$50, and if you wish, I'll start proceedings the very first thing tomorrow."

"In that case, I don't think I'll pay you."

"Why not?"

"Because I gave you the other guy's side of the story."

• • •

The army cook had just whipped up orders of fried eggs for a mob of hungry soldiers.

Wearied by his efforts, he sat down, yawned, lit a big fat cigar and wrote a letter to his sweetheart:

"Darling," he began, "for the past three hours shells have been bursting all around me."

• • •

The new office manager looked around and noticed that there were many typists in the office—too many, in fact, for the amount of work that had to be done.

He asked one of the girls, "What is your usual complement?"

"It's usually, 'Hi, Sugar, you look beautiful today,'" she replied.

• • •

At a canteen dance, an unhappy looking Private made this announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have just lost my wallet containing one hundred dollars. To the person who finds it, I'll give ten dollars."

A voice piped up from the rear, "I'll give fifteen."



"I can marry any man in the house!"

"THEY TOLD ME I DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!"



The words hurt. But deep down I knew what the boss was saying was true.

"Sure you're a good man, Frank. You work hard. What we need, though, are men with special training. Job specialists who can come up with the right answers. Nowadays experience isn't enough."

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Word got around I was taking an I. C. S. Course. My boss learned of it and three months later I got a raise. Six more months and I got another. Now I'm looking forward to a promotion.

Once in a while I think back to the time the boss told me I didn't have what it takes. Makes me smile now. But still I thank my lucky stars for I. C. S.

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thru Body Chemistry

Research scientists have shown that these substances can stimulate the growth of hair even when used separately.* Combined in the new improved Cy-B-7 formula, they have benefitted thousands of hair-loss people — some slightly, some markedly, some really spectacularly.

Users of this natural method of hair improvement, **BOTH MEN AND WOMEN**, have reported one or more of these benefits, generally within one to three months:

- (1) New hair on bald or thin areas.
- (2) Faster growth of hair.
- (3) More "life" (slight coarsening) in hair that had become too fine.
- (4) Prompt reduction of falling hair.
- (5) Increased waviness for those who already had some tendency toward a wave.
- (6) Feeling of well-being, livelier health and energy.

Every hair that ever grew on the head of any man or woman, got every particle of its substance in only one way — from the blood stream. Massage of the scalp will usually increase the circulation of blood there. But this means more hair **only if the blood stream is carrying the right hair-building materials.**

Two kinds of hair-building materials are now known.

- (1) **Hair Foods**, such as cysteine, and
- (2) **Controllers of the Hair Foods**—organic catalysts, formed from certain vitamins, iodine, etc.

The new **Cy-B-7** formula contains both kinds: in fact it has almost the entire list (except sex hormones) of the most important hair-building substances known today.

NO TROUBLESOME, TIME-CONSUMING ROUTINE

NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS

Your own family need not know the special potency of your vitamin-plus capsules, unless You tell them.

STOP THAT BALDING TREND NOW BEFORE IT GETS MORE SERIOUS!

Dr. E. F. Barrows, member of the science staff at one of the Oregon state colleges, is the originator of the Cy-B-7 formula.

Our formula and labels are accepted by U.S. and Canadian federal authorities for inter-state and international commerce.

To avoid any possible embarrassment to users of Cy-B-7, all our bottles, letters and packages are without outside indication that Cy-B-7 is for improving hair.

*References: Taken from the published research papers on the growth of hair caused by these ingredients—reports with exact page references from *Physiological Reviews*, *Science*, *Journal of Biological Chemistry* and other technical journals will be given free with each order along with further suggestions for care of hair, and what vitamins to avoid.

Guarantee: Although we cannot yet promise greater hair growth to every user of Cy-B-7, we do guarantee that if for any reason you are not fully satisfied with your very first bottleful, you may, within one year of purchase, return the empty bottle and we will promptly refund your money. We have great confidence in our product.

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Rush new-formula Cy-B-7 capsules to me immediately, under your full-year guarantee of satisfaction as advertised.

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- ☐ Enclosed find \$5.85 for 110 new-formula Cy-B-7 capsules, nearly 2 months' supply. No charge for postage.
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postman \$4.85 plus postal charges. (No foreign C.O.D., as Post Office is not allowed to handle them. Full payment is enclosed with foreign orders.)

☐ Be sure to send with my order your FREE suggestions for care of hair, advice on which vitamins to avoid, and reports from the technical journals.

GAG LINE

continued from page 6

A traveling salesman checked in at a hotel and said to the man at the desk, "I'd like room service, please. After I've had a chance to wash up, I want you to send up a very good steak, some very fine wine, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

About twenty minutes later, there was a discreet tap at the salesman's door. He opened it and there stood a waiter wheeling a cart followed by three beautiful girls.

"Here, sir," said the waiter, "is your dinner, and here is your wine."

"Who are the three girls?" asked the salesman.

"These are the three et cetera."

• • •

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bills?"

"No. There's no point in both him and the grocer worrying about them."

• • •

There was one farm in Oklahoma that had so much oil that when the farmer planted potatoes, they came up French fried.

• • •

An architect advertised for a secretary. The first girl to answer the ad was a pretty blonde.

The architect asked her if she could read a blueprint.

"If it's in English," she replied.

• • •

Boss to his secretary: "Well, have you entertained my proposition?"

Secretary: "No, but your proposition entertained me."

• • •

A milkman was drafted into the army. His first letter home was ecstatic. "This Army life is wonderful," he wrote. "I can sleep till 5:30."

• • •

John: "If you let me give you a kiss, it will be a feather in my cap."

Jane: "Stick around. You may wind up an Indian chief."

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You can justify a real pay raise and a better position—by making one simple move—the move that opens the way to more earnings and promotions—*practical training*.

If YOU are "standing still" on your job—no promotions—only token increases in pay—then you had better do something about it. You know that if you are untrained, your chances of getting ahead are slim. NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE.

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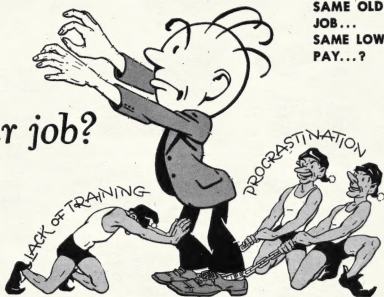
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"It was able to play many pieces in a short time. Family and friends certainly surprised. Course opened door to popularity, wider circle of friends. Recently I entered amateur contest—won First Prize."—Peter H. Kroger, Hamilton, Canada.



Calls Course "Fascinating"

The lessons are so clearly explained—that it makes a fascinating study. The music is excellently chosen and the price is very reasonable. Taking the home course saves time and money, too.—Del Brouwer, Napasack, N. Y.



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"Enjoy your lessons for the Tenor Banjo, am progressing rapidly. Lessons are so simple, anyone can understand; and yet I (though I have learned to play by note in little more than a month)."—Andrew Schneider, Hanne, Wyoming.



Course Inspires Music Circle

Shown above is Miss Mildred Cade, of Houston, Texas. She and a number of her friends are so enthusiastic about the U. S. School of Music's quick easy way of learning that they've ALL taken it up.

THOUSANDS NOW PLAY

who never thought they could!

**THIS FAMOUS WAY MAKES IT EASY AS A-B-C TO LEARN
—EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW A SINGLE NOTE NOW**

YOU think it's difficult to learn music? That's what thousands of others have thought! Just like you, they longed to play some instrument—the piano, accordion, violin, guitar, saxophone or some other favorite. But they denied themselves the pleasure—because they thought it took months and years of tedious study to learn!

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And then they made an amazing discovery! They learned about a wonderful way to learn music at home—without a private teacher—without tedious study—and in a surprisingly short time. They wrote to the U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC for the facts about this remarkable short-cut course. And the facts opened their eyes! They were amazed to find how easy it was to learn!

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And that's what you can do, right now. NO TEDIOUS PRACTICING OF BORING SCALES AND EXERCISES! Even if you don't know a single note now, you'll "start right in on pieces." This builds up your skill and confidence so rapidly that soon you'll be able to play ALL your favorite songs and compositions by note. It's all so clearly explained—so EASY to understand—that even children "catch on" at once.

Stop Cheating Yourself of These Joys!

Why not let this famous home-study course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. Career. Extra money... understand, appreciate, converse about music. Learn lives and compositions of modern and great masters... Relax! Banish worries and frustrations. Satisfy self-expression, creative urge. Gain self-confidence.

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I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How You Can Learn Music in Your Own Home." NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

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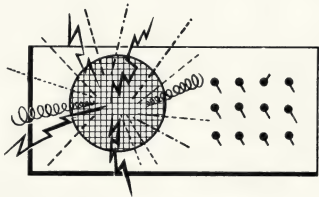
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The Champagne Music of LAWRENCE WELK's orchestra is enjoyed by millions. He writes: "I got my start with a U.S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach yourself' way! You did so much for me that I've enrolled my two daughters."



THE SQUAWK BOX

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

To the Editor:

Although I read *I Made The \$500,000 Tangier Spain Contraband Run* (ACTION FOR MEN, Mar.) with a great deal of interest and even fascination, I wonder whether it is really ethical for any newspaperman to go to such lengths to get a story.

Wouldn't it have been better for your author Clark Collins to report that a ship was leaving carrying contraband material? The police could then have stepped in and confiscated the goods. After all, this black market material does the financial situation in Europe no good at all.

Richard Lowenstein
Brooklyn, New York

► Well, it's a tricky situation. If you remember, in the story the contrabandistas did not inform Mr. Collins of the ship's destination, and until the ship actually landed, there was nothing illegal. Secondly, smuggling is almost an honored profession in that part of the world, and the chance of it being stamped out by officials on the payroll are very slight. Mr. Collins has written the truth; if authorities wish to do anything about it, they can or cannot. The old newspaperman's slogan still holds: "Tell the truth and let the chips fall where they may."

POOR WHITE GOD

To the Editor:

I am in a position to verify the truth of *We Found A Hidden Village Of Wild Inca Women* (ACTION FOR MEN, Jan.).

In the Kansas Penitentiary in the '30s I had as a cell mate the famous Indian high priest known as the "White God."

The White God told me all about

the gold hoard described in your story. He said its total value was around 30 billion dollars.

I thought it was only a fable, despite his absolute honesty in all other things and his devout faith in his religion. However, I noticed that every time an Indian-supported candidate in some parts of South America runs for office he has fabulous and undisclosed financial backing. Also, in the great epidemic of 1956, expert medical men were flown in from all over the world. Again, finances were unlimited and their source unknown.

I remember the White God saying, "I have billions at my disposal for the good of my people, but not one cent for my own use." I thought that he was surely lying, but now I see that he spoke the truth.

Congratulations for uncovering the secret.

A Reader
Iola, Kansas

► We hate to be doubting Thomases, but sure as we are about the existence of the treasure described by our author, Anthony Phair, we wonder about the White God. What was he doing in the pokie? And isn't 30 billion a little too much? You could elect an awful lot of politicians for that kind of loot. In the words of Eartha Kitt: *beaucoup de loot*.

FIRST RATER OR TRAITOR?

To the Editor:

I just don't get it. How could the British let Johnny Eppler live (*Belly Dancer Spy Boat*, ACTION FOR MEN, Mar.)?

This turncoat was responsible for the death of good English fighting men. You can bet your last farthing that the Jerries didn't reciprocate at all.

I thought shooting spies was common practice. Why did they make him an exception?

Robert Lewis
Monterey, Calif.

► We think you have to distinguish between a traitor and a spy before you ask that question. After all, Eppler was a German working for his country, right or wrong. As to the exact explanation, British Intelligence is quite mum on the subject.

VERY FUNNY

To the Editor:

As I was reading *The Laugh-It-Up Joy Girls At Hoaxer Hattie's Place* (ACTION FOR MEN, Mar.), I couldn't help but think what a grade-A pain in the neck Harriet Wadlow must have been.

What's so funny about a practical joker? Usually they spend their whole lives annoying people with stupid, inane antics, and get sore as hornets if anyone ever plays a prank on them. It never fails: they can dish it out, but they can't take it.

Really, she was as corny as a hot-foot or an exploding cigar. Give me the gracious madams like the Everleigh Sisters or Lulu White anytime. I wouldn't set foot in her nutty establishment if you paid me.

Boy, what a card. I bet she used to cut off ties at parties and put a lampshade on her head and dance. Ugh. She revolts me.

Bob Shelton
New York, New York

► Each to his own taste, Mr. Shelton. Gathering from her ever-growing and returning clientele, she had them rolling in the aisles.



LUCKY MILLER'S WOMEN of ALL NATIONS SPY MACHINE

By DON MOONEY

Art by Jack Rickard

An ex-convict, expert forger and successful blackmailer, he had every girl in town helping him to carry out the Allies' 1000-1 mission against Japan.

● IT WAS at the intersection of New Delhi's Feroz Shah Road and Makwahni Way that greasy little Mr. Gabruhindi, who had had his eye on the trim English girl strolling just ahead of him, got the idea that she could be picked up.

Oblivious to the nervous perspiration rolling down his moon face, the squat Hindu trotted after Ellie Cates and said in his piping voice:

"So sorry, *mem-sahib*, but you dropped your handkerchief. I hope it isn't dirty."

From that moment on, he didn't have a chance. In his own mind, the vain little printer had scored a great con-

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

Between them, Miller and the girl worked fast to cart the Indian off the premises.



LUCKY MILLER



In the nightclubs of wartime New Delhi, Lucky met the world's most exotic women.



During WW II, when the Japanese were overrunning Asia, the Allies found Charles "Lucky" Miller (l.) in New Delhi. His criminal record at Scotland Yard was a mile long, but he possessed a skill hard to come by: forging bank notes. The British threatened him with a heavy jail sentence unless he helped them undermine Japanese morale by fake money and fake news. The man came through—not as a patriot, but as a hater, and Lucky had learned to hate the hard way.

quest which he attributed to his charm, suavity, and man-of-the-world appearance. How was he to know that for two days his quarry had been stalking *him*?

An hour later, Gabruhindi was offering some whiskey in his print shop to the slim and elegant English girl. She regarded him with the deference she might have paid to the Sahib Cary Grant or that other tall American of the cinema, the Sahib Gable, he thought.

"It was good fortune that I was behind you when you dropped your handkerchief, dear lady," he babbled, trying to remember what his Hollywood heroes would have said under similar circumstances. "Here, have another whiskey, very expensive, *mem-sahib*."

"You Indian gentlemen are so galand it just sweeps a girl off her feet," Ellie murmured archly, trying to overcome her revulsion and patting Mr. Gabruhindi's inky hand. Below in the alley, she heard the clink of metal on metal and her eyes, their lashes heavy with mascara, involuntarily looked toward the window.

Was Lucky out there?

If he was, he was damned clumsy to bump the ladder against a garbage can and give the whole show away. The printer might suspect something and kick her out of his shop.

But the Indian laughed in his high-pitched way and said reassuringly: "It's the cats, just cats, *mem-sahib*. New Delhi is full of them. When people go without food, the cats have even less to eat. It is this war."

His pudgy fingers were on her knee and moving cautiously up her thigh. The printer liked raw onions with his meals. The smell of the onions did nothing to enhance his meager charm.

"How about some wireless music, chum? There's nothing like a nifty dance band to put a girl in the mood for fun," Ellie said brightly.

He giggled and stood up, a real Mr. Five-by-Five. "He-he! You are quite right, lady. We shall have a fine time dancing, and I know the bunny hug. Then you will share my room with me tonight, yes? I will buy you nylon stockings if you are kind to me."

He busied himself with a German radio atop a type cabinet in a corner of the shop. Again she heard the clank of metal in the alley—louder this time. It was the aluminum ladder Lucky carried in his car, a collapsible but sturdy affair which was ideal for second-story jobs like this one.

He was probably standing on it now, his head just below the grimy window of the printing shop. The girl knew she had to work fast. A man perched on a ladder in blacked-out New Delhi this autumn night in 1943 might-cause a trigger-happy policeman or air-raid warden to shoot first and ask questions later.

Turning up the radio's volume, she sang loudly to cover any noise Miller might make outside. Mr. Gabruhindi shivered ecstatically. This was Life. He clasped the tall girl close as he attempted the bunny hug which a harlot from New York had taught him 15 years before.

Ellie looked around the shop and made mental notes. She towered six inches over Gabruhindi. At times she stifed an urge to slap him as his hand made sneaky little forays up her spine.

"What's in all those cases, chum?" she asked.

"Nothing important, *mem-sahib*. Just printer's type."

"What kind?"

He faltered in his bouncy step now and seemed uneasy. "Many languages, lady. We print for everybody here. There's Hindi in those two cases . . . that's Pathan . . . English in that chest . . . Tamil . . . Chinese."

Ellie snuggled closer in his short arms and nodded at the one remaining case in a far corner. It was padlocked. "And that one must be where you keep your Japanese type, right?"

The printer stopped dancing-as if she had pierced him with a sword. He looked at her with sudden hostility. "I do not understand, lady, I am loyal man. I do no printing for the Japanese here."

But his protests were abruptly terminated when Ellie, still holding him in a dancing position, grabbed a type mallet with her free hand and brought it down with stunning force on Mr. Gabruhindi's beturbaned head.

She pushed him away and the Indian spun like a bloated, wound-up doll, then pitched forward and split his face on a cuspidor. He was a mess.

Lucky Miller raised the window and climbed into the room. The Briton, a rather tall man with a fair complexion, enormously good-looking, whistled as he looked at the dead printer. He gave Ellie a peck on the cheek in approval.

"Major Leamington said this bloke was one of the sharpest Jap agents," he said, picking up the mallet and wiping it clean of fingerprints. He stepped over the corpse and inspected the type cabinets.

"Which of these has the Nip type fonts, Ellie? Did you find out? We've got to hurry."

She pointed to the padlocked chest

and Miller, using a pistol with a silencer, shot off the hasp. He yanked the door open and gave a triumphant little grunt. "Come on, girl, help me lug these type trays down to the car, and let's take the man along. I wouldn't want to be caught here with our friend as dead as last week's picklerel!"

In wartime India, Mr. Charles "Lucky" Miller, an alumnus of Dartmoor, Pentonville and Wormwood Scrubs jails, was the subject of almost two full file drawers of reports and documents at Scotland Yard.

New Delhi's more responsible citizens found him something of an anomaly.

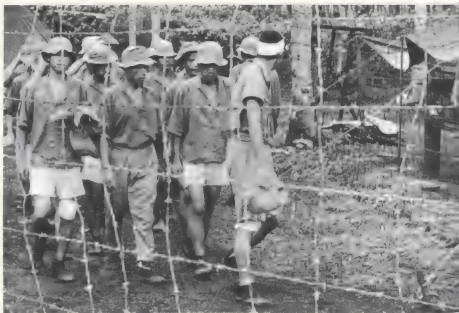
While other Britons residing in India went into uniform, did guard duty on the piers, became air-raid wardens or other functionaries, Lucky Miller continued his carefree existence in the various pubs, hotels and dives. He seemed wholly unperturbed by World War II which was raging at India's front door.

In New Delhi, he published a small four-page sheet called the *Asia Sporting World*, a weekly he founded in 1941 ostensibly to purvey bright chit-chat and news of the nightclub circuit. But with a limited circulation and top-heavy staff of four girl "reporters," the paper hardly paid Miller's overhead, much less the handsome profits which would be necessary to enable him to enjoy a sybaritic life in the midst of austerity.

"He's a rotten, disgraceful blighter who should (Continued on page 36)



When the enemy stabbed Miller's face, he hanged himself: he couldn't bear life without his good looks.



Thanks to the ex-crook's propaganda tricks, the Japanese surrendered in droves.



"Loss of the Perch" by William C. Chambliss, © 1969, California National Productions, Inc., is a selection from the signed book, THE SILENT SERVICE, used on the popular nationwide TV series.

With three of her four Diesels gone and her engine room flooded, the patched and battered *Perch* limped to the surface

In the opening months of the war in the Pacific, our submariners contributed little in damage to the enemy but much to the lore of bravery which will forever attach to the men who went down into the sea alone and against hopeless odds. There were many such stories. The loss of the Perch is one of them.

● LIEUTENANT COMMANDER David A. Hurt had conned the submarine *Perch* many times through the channel from Cavite to Manila Bay and thence out to sea. He was doing it again. But this time it was different. He guided his ship deliberately, cautiously through newly planted minefields hastily laid to protect the Navy Yard at Cavite from sneak attack.

Hurt glanced briefly astern at the towering flames, punctuated by blasts of exploding ammunition, that consumed the bomb-wrecked Cavite Navy Yard. The skeletal outlines of cranes and the yard water tower leaned at drunken angles in their slow collapse as underpinnings melted in the searing heat. This was the night of December 10, 1941, East Longitude Time, the second night of years of travail through which the Philippines were to endure Japanese attack and Japanese domination. In the night sky, Hurt could hear the drone of enemy bombers enjoying the immunity they had earned when they caught most of the Air Corps planes on the ground hours after the news of Pearl Harbor had been broadcast to the world.



as Japanese boats were sent to pick up her survivors.

Swinging his gaze ahead once more, Hurt sighted a red buoy bobbing in the moderate waves of the seasonal northeast monsoon. As it passed close aboard on the port hand, Hurt bent over the gyro repeater on the bridge and swung the pelorus vanes to bear on the leaning water tower at Cavite. Satisfied that he had his ship's position fixed, he leaned over the conning-tower hatch and called below to the helmsman:

"Come left to zero five."

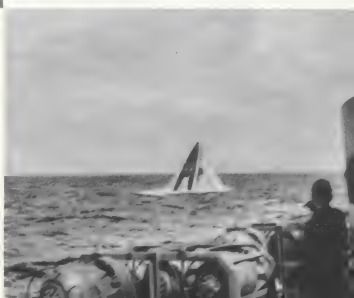
Obediently *Perch* answered the rudder. Hurt felt occasional droplets of spray flicked up to the bridge by the light chop splashing against the starboard side on the submarine's new heading. Across the darkened surface of the bay he saw the flash of light buoys (Continued on page 56)

... this is the skipper— **STAND BY TO SCUTTLE SUB...**

The Pacific Fleet was reeling. The Air Corps was caught with its planes down. Only a thin line of subs stood between Australia and the Japanese.

By WILLIAM C. CHAMBLISS

From deck of Japanese ship, *Perch's* crew watched her sink.

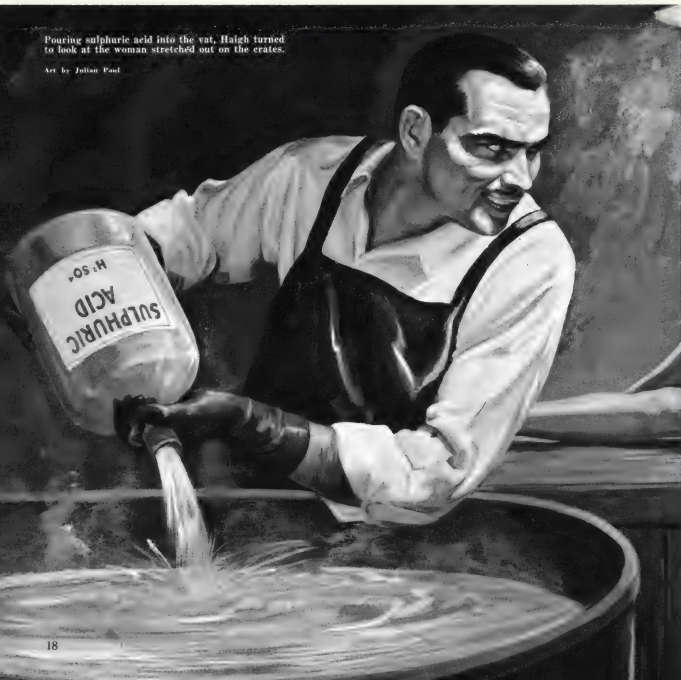


"I MURDERED THEM ALL— *BUT CAN YOU PROVE IT?*"

That was the challenge he tossed at Scotland Yard. And for a while it looked as if the gentleman killer who left no corpses was going to talk his way out.

Pouring sulphuric acid into the vat, Haigh turned to look at the woman stretched out on the crates.

Art by Julian Paul



By CARL EVANS

● SHORTLY AFTER 4 P.M. on February 18, 1949, a fairly young man and an older woman stood talking in the front office of a storehouse on Leopold Road in Crawley, a drab town midway between London and the famous seaside resort of Brighton. The man, pleasant-faced and exceptionally well-dressed, pointed to a table on which were piled some chemically treated papers and a drinking glass.

"Take a look at those papers," he said. "See if they'll do."

The woman went to the table, her back turned to her companion. As she fingered the papers, he reached into the top drawer of a nearby desk and took out an Enfield .36 revolver. Coming up behind her, he put the gun to her head and fired once.

As she fell, her murderer held out his hands to catch the body and ease it back onto the table, where the legs dangled lifelessly. Then, with swift, sure movements, he put down the revolver, pulled a penknife from his pocket, and, with his free hand, seized the woman's

PLEASE TURN PAGE



"I MURDERED THEM ALL"

black hair and pulled her head back. Into the arched neck he plunged the knife, twisting the blade once before withdrawing it.

Blood leaked out, pumped feebly by the spasms of a dying heart. The murderer, taking the glass from the table, held it close to the gaping wound in the throat and waited silently and patiently until he had the last drop of blood the body would yield.

Then he slowly sipped the warm red blood. Once he pursed his lips and nodded, like a wine taster approving a new vintage.

After that his movements became brisk again. He stripped the woman of her black astrakhan coat, a brass crucifix on a chain around her neck, two rings, pearl earrings, and an emerald and diamond snap. With a pair of shears, he cut off her clothes and put these in a separate pile. Finally he slung the naked body over his shoulder and walked the length of the empty, isolated storehouse to where a 45-gallon tank stood against the rear wall. Into this he dumped the corpse.

He then went out to his car and drove a short distance into town for tea. Refreshed, he returned to the storehouse to complete his work. With a stirrup pump, he transferred some sulphuric acid from a large carboy—a special bottle encased in wickerwork to protect it against breakage—into the tank that now contained the dead woman's body. He also tossed into the tank his victim's clothes, her red plastic handbag—from which he had taken a fountain pen and 30 shillings—and other odds and ends he wanted to destroy.

After dining that night at the George Hotel in Crawley, he drove home to London and slept soundly.

Two days later, Mrs. Edith Lane and Mr. John George Haigh appeared at the Chelsea police station to report the disappearance of their mutual friend, Mrs. Olive Durand-Deacon. All three lived in the Onslow Court Hotel in the South Kensington section of London.

"I saw Olive Friday morning," explained Mrs. Lane, "and she said she had an appointment that afternoon with Mr. Haigh. And now it's three days later, and neither of us knows what has happened to her."

"That's right," agreed Haigh, frowning. "We were to meet Friday at half past two in front of the Army and Navy stores. I waited until 3:35, and then I had to attend to other affairs. Next day I asked Mrs. Lane if she knew what had gone wrong, but she had no idea at all. When Sunday went by without word from Mrs. Durand-Deacon, I thought it was high time to go to the police."

Statements were taken from both witnesses, along with a description of Mrs. Durand-Deacon. When Mrs. Lane had last seen her, she was wearing a black astrakhan coat, black hat and carried a red plastic handbag. These details were reported by phone to the information room at Scotland Yard. They were then relayed over the teletypewriter network to every district, divisional and subdivisional station.

Responsibility for the case, however, remained with "B" Division, where it had originated, since London's metropolitan police do not have a special unit to handle the problem of missing persons. Policewoman Jennifer Lambourne was assigned to make the usual routine inquiries. She wasted no time. Hours after Haigh and Mrs. Lane had filed their report at the Chelsea station, Policewoman Lambourne was probing into the matter.

She spoke to four people: the manager of the Onslow Court Hotel; Mrs. Durand-Deacon's sister, Emily; Mrs. Lane and John George Haigh. When the day was over, Policewoman Lambourne told Divisional Detective Inspector Gerald Rogers that she was certain something was



Charged with murdering the wealthy widow, Mrs. Durand-Deacon, John Haigh (center, in rear of car) was driven off by police.

wrong. She could not put her finger on anything specific, but she felt that Haigh should be questioned further.

Inspector Rogers interrogated the man the following day. Haigh was a short, dapper fellow of 38, with thin, black hair that he kept slicked down, heavy eyebrows, and a broad, closely trimmed mustache. He had even white teeth and a habit of displaying them by flashing smiles that had all the emotion of a blinking neon sign. Haigh held a responsible position—he was a director of Hurstlea Products Ltd.—and he had an excellent business reputation.

He told Inspector Rogers essentially the same story that he had given to Policewoman Lambourne, except that he was now obliged to state precisely what he had done throughout the afternoon and evening of February 18. Haigh said that, after waiting for Mrs. Durand-Deacon, he had gone alone to inspect some of his company's merchandise which had been stored in the Hurstlea warehouse at Crawley.

At Inspector Rogers' request, forwarded through channels to the West Sussex Constabulary, Detective Sergeant Lloyd Perkins went to the warehouse and combed it thoroughly. He found, among other things, three huge jars of sulphuric acid, a leather attache case, and a large leather hatbox marked H. In the hatbox were an Enfield .36 revolver, eight rounds of ammunition, and legal papers in the names of Mrs. Rosalie Mary Henderson, Dr. Archibald Henderson, Donald McSwan, William Donald McSwan and Amy B. S. McSwan. In a ration book, tucked away in the attache case, was a receipt dated February 19 from the Cottage Cleaners, in the city of Reigate, midway between Crawley and London. The receipt proved to be for a black Persian, or astrakhan, lamb coat.

Meanwhile, as a result of newspaper stories on the disappearance of Mrs. Durand-Deacon, a pawnbroker in the town of Horsham, not far from Crawley, reported that a man had left some expen- (Continued on page 52)



When the dapper-looking young criminal was brought to trial, he was certain he'd be acquitted on a plea of legal insanity.



But he was proved guilty of killing Mrs. Deacon, and crowds besieged Wandsworth prison gates for news of his execution.



In the small factory yard at Crawley, Sussex, he disposed of five other persons, in a manner that shocked all of England.

★ ★ ★ ★
FINAL

ACTION FOR MEN

★ ★ ★ ★
FINAL

A ROUNDUP OF ITEMS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD



FINAL SURRENDER PLUS 15 YEARS

BINGLE, BANGLE, BUNGLE. THEY DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE JUNGLE

MANILA—Japanese pop tunes drowned out the jungle birds on the Philippine island of Lubang recently as psychological warfare experts tried to persuade two hold-outs from World War II to go home.

Since 1945, when U.S. marines took the island, two members of Japan's Imperial Army have been holed up in the jungle carrying on a stubborn guerrilla warfare campaign. The Filipinos claim that ten island fishermen have been killed in their 15-year reign of terror. Originally, there were three hold-outs, but the third man was killed in a skirmish with the natives.

The embarrassed Japanese government has tried repeatedly to persuade its mavericks to give up. It went all out in its latest effort. For weeks, songs popular in Japan in 1943 and messages from the men's relatives back home were broadcast over an amplifying system set up at the edge of the jungle. Hundreds of leaflets, pointing out patiently that the war was over and Japan was now at peace, were dropped. There was no response.

Now the exasperated Philippine

government threatens to launch a postwar invasion of the island and make the enemy surrender—or else.

OPERATION BIG SWITCH MAKES A NEW MAN OF OLD MAID

PAOLISI, ITALY—A former housemaid, who underwent a sex change through surgery, left recently for a honeymoon with a childhood girl friend.

Before the operations made a new man of him, he worked in Rome and Naples as a domestic. Afterwards, he got a job as a farm-hand near his hometown of Paolisi. He courted and won the hand of an eighteen-year-old maiden he had known when he was a young girl. Then before either one had a change of heart—or sex—they were married.

WORKMEN ARE A DRAG DAD—DON'T DIG HOT-RODDER

DETROIT—City workers, irked by a hot-rodder driving across a playground they were working on, fixed a pit to teach him a lesson. The speedster made a habit of zooming across the field into a depression and then roaring out. But the work-

men soon came up with a solution. They filled the depression with sand and then covered it with dirt.

The next time the hot-rodder barreled across it, he got stuck up to his axles. The workers then built a three-foot high wall of dirt around him. When they finished, they handed him a shovel and told him to dig himself out.

BOBBIES BAG TWO BARMAIDS IN BASEMENT BLACKOUT

LONDON—Following up a rumor that all was not as it should be at a certain basement club, the bobbies sent around a policewoman and a detective to investigate. After several evenings in the place, the pair reported back that the rumor was all too true.

Not only was the management serving liquor illegally, they said, but the basic form of entertainment provided was the strip-tease—frequently of the Lazy Susan variety. Girls strolled around and invited the male club members to peel them. When each girl was down to a G-string, she parked herself on some gentleman's knee. Now and then, for a change of pace, a featured stripper did her own work—too well, the undercover cops thought.

Acting on the information re-



LAZY SUSAN STRIP



KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BY

ceived, the police raided the joint. They got as far as the door when the lights came back on again, the police bagged two barmads—fully clothed—and 50 disgruntled club members, but no ecologists.

The cops arrested the manager anyway, for allowing liquor and "dancing" on the premises without a license.

WOMAN'S SLIP CATCHES RING WITH PANTS DOWN

ST. LOUIS—Members of a counterfeiting ring were taken into custody recently because the wife of one of the five men arrested took the wrong bill from her husband's pants pocket while he was sleeping. Secret Service agents had been stumped for a lead to the source of some \$10,000 in bogus bills passed for several weeks from Chicago to New Orleans. The break came after the woman tried to pass a \$5 bill taken from her husband's trousers. She went shopping at a drygoods store and gave the merchant the bill. When he flipped it over, he saw it was blank. The woman took the bill back and left. Then the merchant called the police, who traced the woman. Raids here and in New Orleans netted the five ring members.

NON-TV WESTERN INVADES INDIA

BOMBAY—An old-fashioned American wild west range war broke out in the village of Gundli, 40 miles from here, when straying cattle trampled a crop ready for harvesting.

Angry farmers took after the local cowboys with sticks and stones, sickles and guns. By the time police could be rushed in from nearby Ahmedabad to break it up, five men were dead, 40 wounded.

HOT SHORE LEAVE PUTS NAVY IN COLD STORAGE

JARROW, ENGLAND—Five hundred sailors are wondering what's happened to the old Navy tradition of a girl in every port. When two Venezuelan warships docked here for repairs, their crews were all set for a big time ashore. They got a warm reception from the ladies all right, but a hotter one from the town males.

So many fights broke out between the navy men and their dates' jealous boyfriends that Commander Pablo Cohen finally canceled all shore leave for his men.

The girls wrote the commander, begging him to change his mind, but he remained firm. The wistful maidens weren't giving up hope though:

"We'll wait here on the docks every night," a pretty brunette said, "until the boys get ashore."

As far as Commander Cohen was concerned, however, the Venezuelan Navy was through (temporarily, anyway) with the mating game.

TEACHER PATS MOM'S PET—BEATS QUICK RETREAT

LAKE FOREST, FLA.—An angry mother took a sock at her 12-year-old son's teacher and wound up in jail for assault and battery.

It all started when the pedagogue disciplined the boy with a paddle—once across the behind. Junior went home and squealed on him and Mama charged into the schoolhouse, swinging.

Rolling with the punches, the teacher retreated into the principal's office. In his absence, the lady took over his fifth-grade class, lecturing on just what she thought of the man until she ran out of steam.

The school said later that the teacher was within his rights, pad-

dling the boy, but Mama was definitely out of bounds.

D.A. OKAYS STRIP, PLACES BAN ON SIP

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—Teen-age chorus girls in this night-life capital may get the gate as the result of a crackdown by the D.A.'s office. The objection is not to their appearing semi-nude in the resort hotels' floor shows, as many of them do, but to their between-shows visits to the cocktail lounge.

Mingling with the drinking, and paying, customers is part of a chorus girl's job in several of the fun spots; but the D.A. has ordered the hotels to keep all of their under 21 chorines out of the bars from now on. Twenty-one is the legal drinking age in Nevada and until then, says the law, a bar is "no place for a minor"—with or without clothes.



GRINDS: NO—BUMPS: YES

ZOO GETS ITS LUMPS OVER CAMEL HUMPS

DALLAS, TEXAS—The director of the Dallas zoo came in for some criticism because the humps on a baby camel he sold to an east coast animal farm were sagging. The buyers protested in a letter to the director that the zoo should have bound up the humps before shipping the animal.

Consulting with experts on the subject, the director came up with a majority opinion that if a camel's humps are going to droop, they're going to droop, and there's nothing any zoo can do about it, not even a Texan zoo.

TRUE BOOK BONUS

Exhausted, hungry and half-frozen,
the two men swore to each other
that they would never be taken alive.

Covered by Sawyer, Summersill looked through the window and
saw six Chinese soldiers, unaware they were being observed.

Art by Al Ross





"DEATH BEFORE CAPTURE" ESCAPE OF LT. CLEM SUMMERSILL

By CLAY BLAIR, JR.

● ON JANUARY 15, Captain Wayne Sawyer and Lieutenant Clinton Summersill were relaxing in their tents in South Korea enjoying a day off. They had flown 18 missions in nine days and were tired. They had just finished a big chicken lunch and planned to spend the afternoon and evening over a bottle of brandy. These plans were abruptly

quashed when they received word from Operations that they had been assigned to fly a "fill-in" mission for a T-6 crew that had been unable to report for duty.

As he pulled on his heavy winter flying suit, Summersill stared at the unopened bottle of brandy. "Just our luck," he said to Sawyer.

The two men arrived on the flight line at

From the book *BEYOND COURAGE* by Clay Blair, Jr. Copyright 1959 by Clay Blair, Jr. Courtesy of David McKay Co., Inc.

PLEASE TURN PAGE



After Mosquito planes released their smoke rockets to mark enemy ground targets, Navy Corsairs and AD's went into attack.

ESCAPE OF LT. SUMMERSILL

12:30, and checked the Mosquito aircraft. Six smoke rockets were mounted under the wing. Summersill opened the baggage compartment and threw in his fleece-lined flying boots—which were much too big to wear while flying—slammed the door, and climbed up the wing into the forward cockpit. Sawyer crawled into the back cockpit and slid shut the “greenhouse” canopy. Summersill gunned the engine, and the silver plane bounced over the steel-mat taxi way to the end of the runway. Soon they were in the air and headed for the front near the thirty-seventh parallel.

At two o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at the front, and via UHF radio the ground controller reported the situation: there were a large number of enemy troops facing an equally large number of UN troops—mostly ROK's—along the front. A heavy firefight had been in progress all day. Word had been received that some 3,000 to 4,000 Chinese Communists had been massing about eight miles behind the lines and were preparing a breakthrough. Could the Mosquito find the enemy troop concentration and then direct fighter-bombers toward it?

Summersill flew toward the area where the Chinese troops were believed to be massing. As he sped northward over no-man's land, he studied the terrain below. Jagged rocks and ridges, cut by deep ravines and canyons, poked skyward. Large patches of snow lay among huge boulders, on the floors and hillsides of the canyons.

A few miles behind enemy lines, the T-6 was joined by a flight of 16 Navy Corsairs and attack planes (AD's). The fighters called Summersill via radio and asked for targets. Summersill explained the tactical situation and told them to stand by while they sought out the mass of enemy troops. The heavily armed planes climbed to a safe altitude—beyond enemy small-arms range—and circled lazily while Summersill pointed the T-6 toward the rugged earth below to look for the Chinese.

Flying in and among the ridges and canyons required

great skill and constant attention. Sawyer did most of the looking. Suddenly, he shouted over the intercom, “There they are.”

Summersill banked the plane so that Sawyer could get a better view. Then once more, he started down.

“Clem,” called Sawyer, “they’re shooting at us. We better get out of here.”

Summersill, now 200 feet from the ground, pushed the throttles to full power and banked sharply around a rocky cliff. Then Sawyer spoke again:

“Clem. The manifold pressure’s dropping.”

In spite of full throttle, the engine was losing power and they were losing altitude fast.

Summersill then realized he had flown into a blind, horseshoe-shaped canyon. He could not climb; he dared not turn around. In an instant he realized he would have to crash-land the T-6 on the rough floor of the canyon.

He tried to glide as far from the Chinese troops as possible. But the plane dropped fast. Within seconds he was pulling back on the stick to dodge a huge boulder. The plane slid onto a large, upward sloping granite slab and skidded along for 100 feet. The belly tank ripped off and tumbled down the hillside, a mass of flames. Summersill's head smashed into the foam-rubber crash pad over the instrument panel.

The plane came to a halt just short of a large rock. Summersill looked around. He saw Sawyer unfasten his safety belt and shoulder harness and climb up on the cockpit edge. With his parachute still strapped under his seat, Sawyer leaped into the snow, just forward of the leading edge of the wing. By then Summersill was fighting his way out of the cockpit. Blood flowed down over his eyes and blinded him.

His parachute had somehow jammed. He was struggling to free it when he heard the flames crackling and felt the heat. He knew the plane was on fire and that he must get out quickly. From a distance, he heard Sawyer calling, “Clem, Clem . . . Get out . . . Get out.”

Summersill unstrapped his parachute harness, grabbed the first-aid kit, jumped down on the wing, and slid into the snow alongside Sawyer. He wiped the blood from his eyes and then he noticed Sawyer's left leg. It appeared to



have been amputated or broken in the crash landing.

Sawyer yelled, "My leg's broken through the ice. It's caught down between these rocks. Help me. Hurry! We've got to get out of here before the plane blows."

Wiping the blood from his face, Summersill knelt down in the snow and pulled on Sawyer's leg. He slipped and fell. Sawyer clutched his jacket, and the two men grunted, as they fumbled in the snow.

"Get out of the parachute," Summersill said.

Sawyer clawed his way out of the parachute harness. Summersill put his knee against the parachute pack, gave a mighty pull, and fell over backward as Sawyer's leg broke free from the trap. Water dripped from his trousers and boots; the hole into which he had slipped was a frozen-over puddle. His kneecap was badly injured.

One of the smoke flares, ignited by the heat and gasoline flames, whooshed over their heads. "Get out of here before we're killed!" Sawyer yelled. Both men got up and starting running, Sawyer dragging his chute. After a few feet, he dropped it in the snow. "To hell with it," he said. "We can't get it up the hillside anyway."

The two men clambered over and around the huge boulders, stumbling and sliding on the slippery shale.

"Where're we going?" Summersill asked.

"Follow me," Sawyer said, "I think I see a good hiding place up on the side of the ridge."

Sawyer had spotted a small group of trees covering a rock formation about halfway up the ridge. Now, as he plunged through the snow toward the spot, he could see that several of the rocks joined together to form a cave. Soon he was pushing his way inside. But the sloping ground was covered by a sheet of ice. Each time he crawled up, he slid back down. On the third try, he succeeded in pulling himself to the rear of the cave by his arms. He braced his feet splay-legged against two rocks. Then he extended a hand to Summersill.

Summersill had wanted to be a pilot ever since he was a small boy. He'd had to overcome setbacks and delays for five years, but by 1948 he'd made it.

When war broke out in Korea in June 1950, the 24-year-old fighter pilot was stationed in Japan, flying transports. In late December a job opened (*Continued on page 39*)



In Walter Reed Hospital, Summersill was fitted with plastic feet, and became the first double amputee to stay in USAF.

SHE WAS ONLY A GENERAL'S DAUGHTER



**Papa served with
the Tsar, but she
could melt the
Red army if Mr. K.
let her. Right
now she's French.**



Yvonne Monlaur

PLEASE TURN PAGE





GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

Sweet, blond 19, she likes vodka and furs.



Without furs, she feels kind of undressed.



She's in TV and in the movies. It figures.





Maria stood there, laughing cruelly, cutlass in hand, while

The Two-Ocean

● "GOLD! BY GOD, he's counting *gold!*" Spindly-shanked, lank-haired Eric Cobham pressed his eye closer to the crack in the door of room 303 on the upper floor of the Bradford House, Oxford, England; he shivered as he knelt in the drafty hall, and kept watching William Hayes, lodger. Mr. Hayes, unaware of this onlooker, went methodically about his concerns. It was past midnight, but despite the damp chill he was garbed only in a

long nightshirt which flapped below his knobby knees, and a peaked nightcap, the red tassel of which rested against his left shoulder.

Hayes, a man of some means, had come to Oxford to purchase real estate. Now, in the still hours of early morning, and under the flicker of a candle flame, he sat at a small table beside his bed counting his treasure. It added up to 400 pounds in gold sovereigns.

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE



the young lieutenant was forced to take off all his clothes.

Vice Fleet of Maria Cobham

By KEN JONES

Art by Frank Soltess

Everything on her ship was rotten—her crews, her killer methods and her husband. And before she was through, she was blacklisted in every port on earth.

VICE FLEET

Continued

She schemed like a man, brawled like a man, dressed act like a woman again, she found she couldn't make

Indecision was not one of Eric Cobham's weaknesses. After a brief career as smuggler and highwayman, interspersed by a sentence in infamous Newgate prison, he, too, had come to Oxford to make his fortune. He'd taken a menial job at the Bradford House because of the opportunities it offered for petty thievery around the inn. Hence he'd been prowling the wind-swept corridors on cat feet at an hour when guests might be expected to be abed, and hence he'd surprised old Bill Hayes counting his hoard.

Knife drawn, Eric Cobham was peering through the door, ready to relieve Old Man Hayes of his hoard of gold.



Loosening his knife in its sheath, the young man knocked gently on the door of room 303. Startled, old Mr. Hayes swept his gold pieces into a small, heavy bag which he pushed under a nearby piece of furniture for concealment. Then, hesitantly, he drew back the bolt of the door, opened it an inch, and whispered, "Who's there?"

"It's only me, Mr. Hayes. I wanted to see if—" Eric Cobham uncoiled in the open doorway like a well-tempered spring. His left hand grabbed the old man's throat as he plunged a knife into his heart. With a gasp William Hayes sank to the floor, incapable of making a sound, his life ebbing fast. A moment later, clutching the bag of gold sovereigns, Eric Cobham was away, and he never returned.

It was the beginning of Eric Cobham's career as a pirate, and it had a fantastic denouement: Ardent Potter, the innkeeper, actually was hanged for Eric's crime. Potter, also bent on trouble, visited the murder room, was surprised by other lodgers, taken up by the watch, and eventually hanged at Newgate for the crime he plotted but did not commit.

Meanwhile, however, Eric Cobham was well away toward Bridgeport, the purchase of a cutter, recruitment of a pirate band and, incredibly, marriage to a laughing minx who not only joined him in piracy but outdid him in cold-blooded killing. When Maria Lindsey married Eric Cobham they formed the only husband-and-wife pirate team which history has recorded, and the combination was to be so effective that, instead of ending on a gibbet as one might expect, Eric actually ended his days as a vastly wealthy, respected and bewigged judge.

"Mr. Higgins, what do you make of that vessel?" Captain Hillary Jones, of the East Indiaman *Star of India*, passed his spyglass to the mate, braced himself against the main weather shrouds, and waited. The *Star of India*, a huge vessel for the time and a sluggish sailer in the light air currents then prevailing off the River Mersey, was outward bound for China. In the master's strongbox reposed 40,000 pounds sterling with which he was to purchase opium; also, some priceless jewels.

"She's smartly handled, Captain, I'd say. I'd estimate she mounts 14 guns, and she *does* seem intent upon setting the weather gauge of us, doesn't she?"

"I don't like her looks at all, Higgins," boomed the pink-cheeked, potbellied, well-weathered old skip-

like a man. But when it came time to it—not even with a million pounds.

per. "You'd better call all hands, load your guns, and have the blunderbusses mounted on the weather rail swivels."

"Muster all hands, sir," repeated the mate as he started forward. But by the time the crew of the *Star of India* had tumbled on deck and manned their stations it was too late. Eric Cobham ran his smart cutter, the *Jolly Companions*, deftly alongside the larger vessel. Grapple hooks fouled in the Indianman's weather shrouds, and in minutes the two ships were firmly lashed together. There were a few bursts of blunderbuss-fire; cutlass rang on cutlass, and then it was all over.

Twenty of Cobham's tough freebooters, recruited along the waterfront after he'd purchased the *Jolly Companions* with Mr. Hayes' 400 pounds, poured over the high bulwarks of the proud merchant ship, and her master, mates and crew were made captive.

With this, his first capture and a rich one, Cobham set a pattern for his piracy from which he never was to deviate in a score and more years of cruising the main. He looted the master's strongbox and helped himself to some fancy delicacies. Then he and his crew put every man of the *Star of India's* complement to the sword. Eric Cobham was signally dedicated to the irrefutable premise that dead men tell no tales. He never took captives; he killed all. Having scuttled the East Indianman, Cobham steered boldly for Plymouth harbor, where his anchors plunged down in the roads and he prepared to go ashore.

"Mistress—allow me." Resplendent in a crimson coat, billowing lace and bright buttons, Captain Eric Cobham stood at a muddy intersection in Plymouth town, gallantly offered his arm, and looked smilingly down into the startled eyes of a beautiful girl called Maria Lindsey.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" After a moment's hesitation of pretty confusion Maria took the proffered arm but, once over the mud puddle, she showed no strong disposition to release it. Instead, she and Captain Cobham continued to stroll; conversation did not flag; one thought led to another and eventually to confidences.

Maria Lindsey, at 24, was a maiden of good family and undisclosed attainments. She was of medium stature with a fine figure. She had golden hair, blue eyes, a piquant upturned nose and a trace of freckles. But the most arresting feature of her countenance



The *Star of India* was a prize catch, full of dazzling jewels. Maria chuckled with delight over the necklace.

was the way violet lights swept across her otherwise placid eyes on provocation.

"What would you think, Mistress, if I confessed to you that I am a pirate?" Eric Cobham spoke softly.

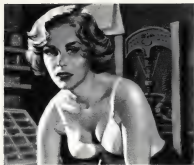
"I should consider it *most* romantic," chirped Maria, the violet light suffusing her wide, clear eyes. "But I wouldn't believe it," she added archly.

"Ah, if you will do me the honor to come on board my vessel, perhaps I can convince you!"

Maria Lindsey boarded the *Jolly Companions* with her newly found friend. There she gazed wide-eyed upon the treasure chest taken from the *Star of India*, and a wholly new and startling notion nestled in her pretty noggin: why couldn't *she* be a pirate? Eric Cobham strongly favored the notion. The next day the two were quietly married in Plymouth town, and the day after the *Jolly Companions* slipped silently to sea, bent on plunder.

"My sweet, there are four fundamentals which I regard as essential to a piratical career." Eric and Maria sat on the port quarterdeck bitts and he was giving her a first lesson on the finer points of her new career.

"Upon approaching a quarry you must try your best to achieve surprise. This is best done by seeming to be inoffensive. Fly the same flag he flies, and make it appear that you have an urgent communication for him, or that you are in distress. Next, when the moment for action arrives, carry all before you with irresistible determination, and try for the officers with your fire. Usually the hands won't care much; it is the officers who have everything to lose. If you can eliminate them, the vessel will fall easily. Finally, you must be ruthless. Dead men tell no tales. Put all to the sword; spare none." (Continued on page 48)



Lucky Miller

Continued from page 15

be interned in The Fort along with the Nips and Nazis!" opined choleric British colonels at the exclusive Gymkhana Club. "Fancy a rotter like Miller playing around as he does, doing nothing for the war effort. Where does he get his money?"

It was inevitable that members of British Intelligence—a not inconsiderable task force in New Delhi—should have similar apprehensions about the well-heeled editor.

"We know Miller's record back home," said Colonel Victor Harding, New Delhi intelligence chief, to his next in command, Major Allan Leamington. "Some of his hand-made currency had the Bank of England stamps on Threadneedle Street really chaps, until he went to Dartmoor for a stretch. He's also a blackmailer."

"Those so-called girl reporters of his dig up the scandals and our Mr. Miller fertilizes them with his own talent and imagination. When the stories are really odorous, he presents them to his victims who pay plenty of ruyees to keep the garbage buried. Not a nice boy."

"But he could be useful, sir," said the major thoughtfully. "I think I'll call him in."

On a May morning in 1943, when things looked grim for the Allies in the Far East, Lucky Miller was summoned to the major's office where he was given a cup of tea and a stern admonition.

"Keep quiet and listen, Miller," Leamington said brusquely. "We know your past and what you've been up to in New Delhi. Indeed, I could put you in The Fort this minute under the Defense of the Realm Act, and keep you there with the Nips until the end of the bloody war. But I'm not going to."

Miller asked with a superb show of puzzlement: "But what have I done, sir? I'm just a publisher struggling to make a living. And not a very good living at that."

The officer opened a drawer and took out a bulging file. "These are the signed complaints of victims of you and your so-called girl reporters, Miller. Want to see 'em?"

Lucky Miller didn't turn a hair, but his gray eyes became wary. "What's the catch, sir? If you're not making a pinch, you must expect something from me in return."

"Indeed I do."

Major Leamington laid it on the line. "You're a top printer, engraver and counterfeiter, my lad. You also have ways of getting information in this town through those girls of yours. Now I want you to earn a reputation for being pro-Axis as well as a boonder."

"What else?"

"And to lend us your talents at printing and engraving. Counterfeiting for us, to be blunt. Are you with me?"

Lucky stood up, adjusted the crease in his impeccably tailored trousers, and lit a hard-to-obtain Havana cigar.

"What choice do I have? At the ripe old age of 33, accustomed to certain niceties and comforts, I don't think the rigors of The Fort are for me. I'm with you, Major."

His opening gambit as a pro-Japanese publicist was an editorial in the *Asia Sporting World*:

"A negotiated peace with the Japanese would be no disgrace. The real folly is in continuing a disastrous war and wasting the blood and money of the Empire."

After that, reputable people wouldn't even nod to him. One furious Englishman, a plantation owner, caned him publicly in front of the Empire Club.

Sir Robert Hotchkiss, a prominent barrister, slapped Miller's face when he encountered him at a sidewalk café near the Lahore Gate. "You're a disgrace to the white race and to England, Miller. I don't know why you haven't been interned!"

"The guy must have real pull," said a New York war correspondent. "Imagine, keeping out of jail after writing that kind of stuff."

After his pro-Axis leanings were well-established, Miller met Leamington a month later in a darkened car on the deserted campus of New Delhi University. The major gave Lucky his first assignment.

"A \$300,000 load of electrical parts has vanished from a railroad siding near the Vickers-Henderson Arms works outside Ferozabad," the intelligence officer said. "We need the stuff badly for our antiaircraft. There'll be hell to pay if it falls into Nip hands. Can you find it for us—and who took it?"

"Give me a fortnight for the job. I may have some news for you then."

Miller's first step was to study Leamington's list of New Delhi electrical contractors—men most likely to know the uses of the intricate equipment which was missing. There were 28 such contractors in Delhi.

Through a process of elimination, involving the use of agile Pathan men who leaped fences and wiggled through transoms of warehouses, Miller ruled out all but one man as a potential hijacker. The contractor under suspicion was one Gustav Jager, a middle-aged Swiss, who had opened his electrical contracting business in India shortly before Pearl Harbor.

"He may be all right, but I have a funny feeling about Jager," Miller told Leamington. "I'll put Helen Schmidt on him. She'll crack him if anyone can."

Helen was a doll-faced girl from Alsace-Lorraine who spoke fluent German, French, Italian and English. Dimpled and blue-eyed, she had a guilelessness about her that con-

cealed a hair-trigger mind and a vast knowledge of male psychology.

Jager, a tall, lean man with a frosty manner and pouches under his eyes, lived alone in a small but well-furnished flat on Chowhally Road. The Swiss was pleasantly surprised one day when a new tenant—a young woman with an undulating walk and a wonderful smile—moved into the garden apartment adjoining his own.

Her name was Frau Helga Verborg. "My husband was against the Third Reich," she remarked one night over cocktails at her place. "So I divorced him. It was terrible to listen to slurs about the Fuehrer."

Jager was impressed but said little. The following night, Helen Schmidt-Verborg managed to drop her purse when he took her to dinner at the Maidstone Hotel. As he helped her to retrieve the contents, Jager noted a yellowed, much-handled card which he studied with interest.

"Ah, Frau Verborg, I see you have been a member of the Hitler Jugend since 1934 when you were sixteen. How interesting! And how did you like the Fuehrer's youth movement?"

This was Helen's cue to establish herself as a good Nazi. She chattered glibly and convincingly of her experiences as a teenage German girl. "In our Reich youth hostels, we knew the glory of our bodies, we were not ashamed to become women and please our young men."

JAGER'S eyes glowed. He was hooked. The membership card, artfully printed and aged by Lucky Miller, had done the trick. She stayed with Jager all that night, and by the end of the week the tall Swiss begged her to marry him.

"But how do I know you have enough money to support a wife?" she asked.

He was fairly drunk, for the girl had mixed many burra gimlets, a popular cocktail in New Delhi. He groped for her and said thickly:

"We will have plenty for the rest of our lives, Liebchen. Since you are a good German, you'll be glad to know I've liberated some valuable supplies from the damned British. They're in a warehouse at the Vahdi pier, awaiting shipment to Burma. When the Japanese get their merchandise, they will pay me a very large sum. You will never want for a thing, Helga."

She introduced Jager to Miller who was known by reputation to the contractor. "It is a pity, Herr Miller, that your government doesn't share your views. A negotiated peace with the Axis is wise counsel. I admire your thoughts about the folly of war."

So chummy did the trio become that Jager offered no objection when Miller snapped a group picture during a picnic in a little glade near the Pearl Mosque of Aurangzeb. When the film was developed, Major Leamington sent prints by air courier to London and Washington.

By coded cable, the word came back that "Jager" had been identified as one Dietrich Seppel, a Nazi electrical expert who had been involved in a graft scandal with the builders of Hitler's Autobahnen in 1939.

Two days later, a squad of British soldiers overpowered private guards at Jager's waterfront warehouse and recovered the Vickers-Henderson antiaircraft parts inventory. The supplies were forwarded by air to hard-pressed British positions.

Gustav Jager, or Seppel, was tried by a military court and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. On the way to the ancient red sandstone Fort, he managed to pry a tiny vial of poison from the lining of his shoe and died within minutes after swallowing the contents.

His capture was the first important coup by Miller and his girls. Leamington was pleased. "How would you like to try your hand at plate-making again, Miller? Turning out the queer?"

Miller grinned. The major continued: "I'm going to give you a chance to counterfeits for us. You might even get a medal for it some day. We want Japanese occupation currency, thousands of sheets of yen. The Nippies are making a big talk about their 'Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.' We want to puncture that balloon by flooding Burma with worthless yen. It'll undermine the Jap economy and hurt the army's morale when the Burmese refuse to accept their bank notes."

Lucky frowned. "That's a big order, sir. I'll need special rice paper, Japanese inks or something very like them, and somebody to show me a few things about Nip artwork."

The major had the answers. "We've arranged for the paper and ink. Our people in Yokohama are sending the stuff out on a Swedish boat. But the artwork is more difficult. You're going to prison for a while, my boy, and become a student!"

Miller was clad in prison denims, a number was sewn in a red circle on his back, and he was lodged in the Red Fort on a charge of sedition. Not by coincidence, his cellmate was one Fuyuki Ito, a prominent Japanese artist and illustrator.

Ito had worked in relative peace on several Indian magazines until his blatant pro-Axis rantings and pictures led the British to intern him.

He was a delicate-boned, smallish man with a great disdain for the garden variety of uneducated or boorish prisoners. But he admired Miller. The little Japanese bowed stiffly and said to the newcomer:

"I have heard of your own feelings about the war, Miller-san. Even though your paper is a shoddy thing, the sentiments it expresses are commendable. You will have a place in the New Order after our glorious victory comes."

WITHIN a short time, Lucky had wheedled the artist into giving him lessons in the intricacies of Japanese brush work. Miller, no mean artist himself in certain illicit pursuits, was an adept pupil. The daily lessons lasted for several months. He acquired enough dexterity with the dainty brushes and paint pots to duplicate the lettering and curlicues on the occupation yen issued by the Japanese government.

Suddenly, he was yanked out of the Red Fort, leaving Fuyuki Ito to wonder fretfully what had happened to Miller-San. Had he been liquidated so quickly?

In a curtained daimler, Lucky Miller was driven to a low, heavily guarded building adjoining a jetty on the holy Jumna River. "From now on, this is your home, office and printing plant, Miller," said Major Leamington. "See how you like it."

The place was a tribute to British ingenuity and the resourcefulness of the American OSS in India, whose agents had aided

the major in locating the tools, presses and other equipment Lucky would need.

There were multith machines and large glass-plate cameras used by engravers in preparation for making their delicate plates. Here were Japanese typewriters that operated vertically and horizontally. Plus engravers' lathes and cutting implements which had been stolen by pro-British Burmese from the plant of the *Biruma Shimbus* in Rangoon which published a small weekly paper for the occupation troops from Nippon.

THERE were opaque projectors—actually outside magic lanterns—which flashed images of genuine Jap occupation currency magnified on a screen 50 times. And there was a raw-boned Russian girl named Olga Sesslov, whose parents had fled the Reds years before. She knew how to read, write and print Japanese, for she had been born and raised in Tokyo.

Lucky Miller, happy to be among objects and machines with which he was familiar, sat chain-smoking and studying the blown-up letters, the magnified horizontal and vertical lines, the shadings of the 50-yen notes. He squinted at the sharp points around the outer edge of the seal of the Imperial Treasury.

"Your lads are thorough!" he said in admiration. "I see we have a geometric lathe, a serial number machine, a stippler, and intaglio frames. How can I miss? When I was turning out the queer stuff in London, I had to work practically out of my suitcase!"

Major Leamington snorted and rapped the palm of his hand with his swagger stick for emphasis. "Forget the compliments and get down to business, Miller. Get those plates made soon. We need Japanese yen, and plenty of them."

On a busy Sunday ten days later, Lucky picked up a phone which was connected directly with the major's office. "I've got them, sir. Three wonderful plates. Ten, twenty, and fifty-yen denominations. The Mikado himself couldn't tell our money from his own."

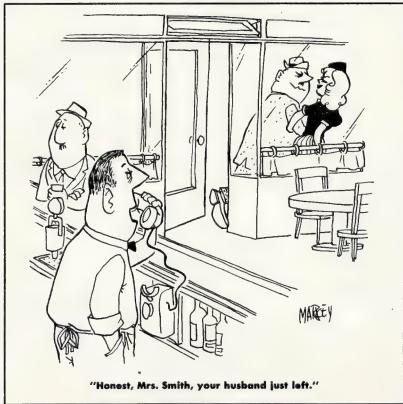
Leamington experimented with the bogus Japanese money on officers and enlisted men in the Red Fort. "Why do you give us this money?" asked a wiry lieutenant named Oshida. He sneered. "It is a great temptation to accept it, but I will not betray our Emperor."

When a 50-yen note was given to the artist, Ito, for some cigarettes by a prisoner who was a British plant, the artist carefully pocketed the money without looking at it twice. Leamington was jubilant.

"If it passed Ito without arousing suspicion, that money will be accepted anywhere—until the Nips get their wind up about it!"

The counterfeit bank notes were produced in large quantity and smuggled by sea and air into Jap-occupied lands. Almost 50,000,000 yen in bogus currency was introduced into the commerce of Burma alone. When the Japanese authorities issued a warning that worthless money was flooding the country, storekeepers refused to accept paper bills, harlots spurned the currency, and Jap troops became irate.

On September 1, 1943, a Major Kyoshi Oto offered 500 yen worth of Miller-designed money in payment for three dinners and a singing girl. He was set upon by a mob of furious Burmese, and was stoned and trampled to death. Other Rangoon Cafe operators, theater owners, shopkeepers and even the keepers of brothels—incensed over the spate of bogus money—poured into the



"Honest, Mrs. Smith, your husband just left."

streets and attacked the Japanese with clubs, paving stones and knives.

In the street fighting which raged for two days, 106 Japanese were killed or wounded. The uprising was put down, of course, but Jap morale was severely shaken. The 1943 Imperial B-4 Series of bank notes was withdrawn from circulation by Tokyo which promised to issue new notes of a distinctive and hard-to-copy design.

LEAMINGTON was jubilant by now. "We're making real trouble for the enemy, Miller, thanks to you. But I've got a job you can really sink your teeth into. You won't be making queer Nip money any longer."

Lucky was puzzled. "I won't, sir? Then what will I be doing? I liked making money."

Major Leamington said: "You're now a Jap publisher, my friend. You will edit and print a Nip newspaper, right down to the last curlicue on their blinking type. You will tell the enemy of the damndest things that are happening on the home front—their women are fed up and cheating, their kids are roaming the streets, their savings are being confiscated by the government, cheery news like that."

He jabbed a finger at Miller. "D'you ever hear of the *Osaka Shinbun*?"

"No, major, I haven't."

"Well, you're now its editor and publisher. The paper you get out will look, feel, read and even *smell* like the real *Osaka Shinbun*. If the Nips read it and believe it, Miller, that paper will be the equivalent of winning a dozen major engagements!"

On September 14, 1943, several ATC cargo planes set down at Panamir Airfield with many heavy crates bearing top secret seals. Military trucks and jeeps rushed the boxes to the hidden printing plant on the bank of the Juma River.

Here Lucky Miller and a dozen British and American enlisted men—former printers and machinists—set to work assembling the presses, linotypes, paper cutters, ink-mixing vats and other apparatus.

But they had no Japanese type as yet. Leamington said:

"There may be a supply of Jap type in New Delhi, owned by a little printer named Gabruhindi who has played around with Nip agents. We've suspected him but haven't got any evidence. You're not averse to forcible entry, Miller—the police records back home show that. And the printer"—Leamington shot an appraising glance at Ellie Caine—"likes European women. It shouldn't be difficult for you to get him to hand over the type."

Ellie's charms had softened up Gabruhindi; the printer's mallet, wielded by the girl, had done the rest. Now the oily little Jap agent was dead and all his oriental type font, from 8-point classified ad slugs to banner headline letters, were in British hands.

Gabruhindi's type faces were sorted and put in order by the Russian girl, Olga. Lucky, listening to the radio as he tinkered with an electrotyping machine which had been rustled up by the "P Division" in Ceylon, was startled when the announcer said:

"... the escape from the Red Fort was led by one Fuyuki Ito, an enemy internee, known for his derisive pro-Axis cartoons and utterances. Disguised as a Buddhist monk, with coal, gray cloak and begging bowl, the artist

walked from The Fort to freedom after sawing open a gate in a remote part of the grounds. Five other prisoners also vanished."

Lucky shrugged. It was a fanatic. But he had learned much about Japanese art and engraving from the man. The police probably would find him within hours.

That night he went to a lavish and dimly lit bar near the Kashmir Gate operated by an old associate who had once steered suckers his way... for a price. Now Miller downed a number of gin-and-tonics and wondered darkly how he had gotten mixed up with Major Leamington. Opportunity was passing him by.

ENVIOUSLY, he looked at the signs of prosperity all around: black-marketers swilling the best Scotch whisky; sleek Eurasian girls wearing expensive clothes and jewels; little beturbaned men with satchels running to and from the men's room to show their wares: illicit gold bars, Italian and German bank notes, heavily discounted; sulfa drugs and nylon stockings.

Lucky sighed as he reached for his hat and went out into the night. To hell with the war effort and the major. He'd get back to his own profitable rackets damned quick.

So engrossed was he in his thoughts of lost profits and missed opportunities in wartime New Delhi that he didn't pay attention to the beggar following him.

"Alms, sahib? Just a few rupees—an anna—for a blessing, sahib?"

Absently, he dug in his pockets for a coin. He started to swear as wiry arms went around his neck and he was dragged into an alley. Just ahead of him had been the dimmed lights of Chandni Chauk, the "Silver Street"; but here in the damp and malodorous alley were just beggars in filthy dhotis, a snoring leper, and two ragged children cooking something over a fire kindled from cow dung.

LUCKY'S assailant wore a Buddhist cloak and carried a wooden begging bowl. Just before he raised the heavy bowl and brought it crashing down on Miller's skull, Lucky recognized the man.

"Ito! What the hell—"

"You are a liar and a spy, Miller-san, one who plays tricks," said the Japanese. "You fooled me in The Fort. I taught you Japanese art. Now I show you something else."

The blow on the head sent Miller sprawling in the gutter which reeked of urine and the dung of sacred cows. Dazed and unable to move, the Englishman saw Ito whip a long knife from the voluminous folds of his monk's garb.

The slash of the blade was quick. Ito's victim felt his cheek rip open and become a dangling flap. Blood flowed into his mouth; Miller gagged. Ito bent down in a crouch and twisted the knife. What it did to Lucky's handsome features was indescribable.

The swindler and counterfeiter was found by police an hour later, weak from loss of blood. After two weeks of treatment, he was released from Hoogli Municipal Hospital. "Don't worry too much about your looks, Miller," the surgeon said. "We're learning more all the time about plastic surgery. Corrective operations, in time, may remove the disfigurement."

Miller nodded somberly and got into a car which Major Leamington drove off to

the printing establishment. Lucky spoke just once on the long ride.

"Don't try to pity me, sir. They're my enemy now, too, the Nips." He fingered his heavily bandaged face. "I'll fight them in my own way for you. You don't have to make me do it. I want to."

Between November, 1943, and March, 1944, more than 40 issues of the bogus *Osaka Shinbun* were printed under the direction of Lucky Miller. These were dropped or smuggled into Burma where they were avidly snatched up by news-hungry Jap troops. Each press run of 25,000 copies paid off in desertions, insubordination to Japanese officers, discontent in the ranks.

A silent and dedicated man now, Lucky worked day and night, his mind seething with new ideas for improving his fake newspaper and devising other ways of harassing the enemy.

He skillfully copied a Japanese censor's "chop," or stamp, and developed a photographic method of producing letters from Japan which were dropped in the Burmese jungles and other theaters of war. These fake messages from wives and sweethearts were gloomy and defeatist in tone. They went into details about hardships and suffering at home.

The unwritten suggestion between the lines always was clear—desert! Day after day, Leamington and Miller pored over microfilmed copies of legitimate Jap newspapers, skillfully rewriting the news so that the sham *Osaka Shinbun* became an organ of despair and bitterness.

"Here is a street map of Tokyo, major. I've marked the red-light district in pencil. Why not put it on the front page and tell those dirty fighters that the Yanks have bombed Yoshiwara out of existence? That'll make them sweat!"

It was a real coup. Later a captured Japanese officer, a Lieutenant Toshio who had been educated at the University of Kansas, told Leamington:

"Morale is very bad among my men. In vain, we told them that the British are tricking them and not to believe stories like the annihilation of the Yoshiwara district of Tokyo. But they cannot imagine that a Japanese newspaper would lie."

He smiled wildly, but his eyes were hard behind their horn-rimmed glasses. "Congratulations, gentlemen. You have hit upon a fortunate propaganda device. I admit I hate you for it."

BY August, the British estimated that 12,000 Jap soldiers had surrendered in the preceding months chiefly because of the faked newspaper, forged letters from home, simulated soldiers' diaries and bogus communications from officers which reflected terror and demoralization. All were produced by Lucky Miller, thanks to Gabruhindi's type fonts and the training he had received from Ito in The Fort.

Elton Kingsley, a former operative for the OSS in the CBI theater, observed the workings of "Project Bash," as the British called it, and told this writer:

"Whole forward units of the Japanese 14th Division in North Burma threw down their arms. We had intelligence intercepts, including a military order from the desperate Japanese command, listing the punishments meted out to troops who deserted, especially in battle. Miller's skill with Jap type, plates,

ink and newsprint was little short of miraculous. But in all that time, I never saw him take the bandages from his face. He seemed terribly ashamed of his wound."

One day Leamington came to Lucky's plant and said: "Under Tojo, Jap troops were taught that surrender is dishonorable and brings disgrace on their families and on the Emperor. A deserter's *genshi*, his very birthright, is forfeited. He is declared legally dead and his soul is restrained by the priests from flying home to rest in the Yasukuni Shrine. But I think we can change that line of reasoning."

"How, sir? I'd like to try it!"

Now Leamington laid out a plan. He wanted a forged order by the new Kiso government in Tokyo, addressed to the Japanese High Command in Rangoon, rescinding the old penalties and announcing a new and liberal policy toward deserters.

"Kiso will say that under certain conditions, troops may surrender to us and no stigma will be attached to them. When they are outnumbered, wounded or sick, desertion will be permitted. That's what you'll print, Miller, in the name of the Japanese Premier."

Once again, using two captured Japanese soldiers and the resourceful Russian girl, Lucky Miller came up with an official-looking document which would have deceived the cannist Jap officer.

"Dozo-o-haeri nasai!" said Olga approvingly to her willing Jap helpers and translators. "This is it, Mr. Miller. Even a general might surrender after reading this."

The project was a success. One morning, leaving through intelligence reports and British prison camp records, Major Leamington was pleased to note that almost 2,000 deserters had been bagged. The spurious document allegedly originating with the Kiso government was working well.

There was other news: Ito, ragged and hungry, had been captured by New Delhi police after hiding out for weeks in a number of Buddhist temples. He faced the prospect of ten more years added to his original sentence, because of the savage attack on Miller.

"I must find Lucky and tell him all the good news," Leamington said. "The man has worked like a fiend on this job ever since that knifing. Think I'll take him to lunch."

BUT Lucky wasn't eating lunch that day. Or any other day. As the major entered Miller's room after receiving no answer to his knock, he saw a note under an ashtray that caught his attention. It read:

"I've done my job and I'm going now. The doctor says an operation won't help any; I don't want to live looking like this. Just one thing to tell the major—our type characters *hiotosu*, *yotsu* and *nanatsu* are worn out. We need new Jap numerical slugs. Better tend to it at once."

With a heavy heart, Major Leamington walked out and got into his car. He drove around for hours before he found Lucky, somewhere in the environs of New Delhi. He saw a limp figure dangling from a rope improvised of neckties knotted together and looped over the branch of a tree.

The body of Charles "Lucky" Miller spun idly in the breeze that came from the holy river nearby, and the major thought of Miller's last words on that note:

"If a job of printing the 'queer' is worth doing, it's worth doing right, I say." ■



up in the 6147th Tactical Sqdn. and he jumped at a chance for combat.

The 6147th was a special unit that flew small Mosquito T-6 planes along the front lines and directed fighter aircraft to ground targets. Each carried a pilot, an observer, and smoke rockets to mark targets.

On his second day with the unit, Summersill was assigned a permanent observer, a 33-year-old Army captain named Wayne Sawyer. Married and the father of two girls, he'd been a bush pilot in Alaska. Thoroughly familiar with small planes, Sawyer had flown over 150 missions, wore three DFC's; he'd crashed behind enemy lines and escaped—twice.

Falling his cadet physical in '39, he joined the infantry and fought in Europe and the Pacific in WW II.

Now, as he crouched in the cave, catching his breath, he turned to look at Summersill. "Give me the first-aid kit," he said.

"Is it bad, Wayne?"

Sawyer looked closely at the deep cut in Summersill's forehead. "No, Clem. Just a few cuts."

He bandaged Summersill's head tightly with gauze, and slipped his wool knit cap back over his head.

Then Summersill remembered Sawyer's knee. It was bleeding badly. The skin was severely lacerated. Summersill put a bandage on the knee while Sawyer got out an extra pair of wool socks, took off his fleece-lined boot, and changed the wet sock for a dry one.

"It's very important that our feet do not freeze," Sawyer said. "If you get frostbite, gangrene'll set in and you'll lose your feet and legs."

Summersill's thoughts turned only briefly to the physical discomfort caused by the sub-zero temperature. His feet were already so numb from the hour and 45 minutes in the plane that he could not feel them. His hands were almost as cold. Both men had lost their gloves in the crash. But Summersill was much more worried about the Chinese Communists. He remembered an old fighter pilot axiom: Troops are always eager to meet the pilot who has been strafing them.

"What're we going to do, Wayne?" he asked. "The Corsairs didn't see us go down. No one's been alerted."

Sawyer was pulling maps from inside his jacket. "The first thing we have to do, Clem, is get the hell away from the plane. Then we have to get away from this entire area as fast as we can. They're sure to search very thoroughly as soon as they discover we weren't killed in the crash."

Sawyer studied the maps. "The Communists are here," he said, pointing, "and we are right here." Not more than a mile separated

Escape of Lt.

Clem Summersill

Continued from page 27

the two positions. "They ought to be near the plane within a very few minutes."

"O.K.," Summersill said. "What are we going to do? We can't go south toward friendly lines. There are 10,000 Chinese between us and the ROK's. Why don't we head straight north? The Communists would never think of looking for us in that direction."

"Here's what I think we ought to do," Sawyer said. "Here. Look on the map. Over to the east here, there's an area where the Communist front is very thin. There are nothing but Communist guerrillas in through here, no organized front at all. That's because the country is so rugged."

"You mean here, right around Pungni?"

"Yes," Sawyer replied. "See, we can walk northeast, back into Communist territory as you suggested. Then when we get about right here, we can turn southeast, and infiltrate through the lines. I figure it's 40, 50 miles, by ground because we have to go up and down. I believe that if we hide in the daytime and move on a forced march at night, we can make it. What do you think?"

"O.K., I'm with you," Summersill said. "But there's one thing I want to get straight: we're going to get out of here, and I don't mean maybe. I want it clearly understood that if they corner us, I'm going to shoot it out with them. The only way they will capture me is dead. And another thing: If we get into any arguments, you'll have the last word because you're senior man. And I'm going to hold you responsible for anything that happens to us, too."

They both shook hands warmly. Then, from a distance, they heard Chinese voices shouting.

"O.K., Clem," Sawyer said, "let's get out of here."

SAWYER let go and slid out of the cave, then took five steps through the snow up and around a rocky ledge toward a barren area. Then he backed down to the cave again, carefully keeping his boots within his original tracks.

"That'll send them off that way," he said to Summersill.

The two men crawled back into the cave, and clambered out through a small crack between the rocks that opened to the rear. Then they plunged through deep snow, circling toward the top of the canyon wall. Suddenly Sawyer, who was leading, stopped. Summersill came up alongside him.

"What's that?" Sawyer said, pointing to indentations in the snow.

"Tracks," Summersill said. "It looks like a man and one dog."

"Right," Sawyer said. "A searching party?" Summersill asked.

"Who knows?" Sawyer replied. "They might be Communist tracks. They might be the tracks of a Korean farmer coming to help us."

"How old are they?" Summersill whispered.

"I don't know. But we better move on away from here."

They moved off through the snow as fast as they could travel, keeping one eye on the ground and one on the ridge tops and canyon walls for signs of Communist soldiers. Over an hour had passed since the crash. Though it was still mid-afternoon, darkness was being hastened along by a huge black cloud shaping up in the northeast. Soon the two men came to a thicket.

"Let's go in here," Sawyer said. "They'll never find us."

They pushed their way through the thorny scrubs and bushes and, then, after a moment, sat down. They heard faint voices, coming from the area where they had left the burning plane; then, suddenly, an explosion.

"The plane," Summersill whispered.

Minutes later, they heard Communist soldiers moving up the canyon side toward the cave. They watched as the soldiers spotted the diversionary tracks and, falling for the ruse, set off in the wrong directions. Soon there was more shouting. Another soldier found the real tracks. The Chinese came toward the thicket, spreading out through rocks and snow, shouting and yelling.

Summersill pressed his lips close to Sawyer's ear. "They're coming this way. What are we going to do?"

Sawyer said, "Stay right here. It'll be dark in another half hour. 'He looked at the black cloud in the hour. 'Just hand on.'"

They waited 20 minutes. By then the soldiers were very near. But it was getting dark very fast. The soldiers turned on flashlights. Summersill counted 20 lights.

BEFORE darkness closed in, the two men took a final look at the escape route on the map. It was plain that there would be many obstacles on the journey. The biggest was a sizable mountain, about 5,000 feet to the summit. They could see it plainly, towering over them in the northeast. It was covered with deep snow. Climbing would be rough. "Shall we go around it?" Summersill asked.

"If we try to go around it, we will run into Communists," Sawyer said. "There're fewer Communists on top of the mountain than on any other place. It'll be tougher hiking, but safer."

As soon as they could no longer see the outlines of the Chinese soldiers, the two men pushed out of the thicket and headed northeast toward the mountain. They moved quickly and quietly through the drifted snow, gradually drawing away from the dancing flashlights. They climbed one small snow-covered hill, passed over a low ridge, and then, about an hour later, came to the foot of the mountain.

"That's the tallest mountain I have ever seen," Summersill said. "What does it say on the map again?"

Sawyer said, "4,759 feet."

"Are you sure?" Summersill asked.

"Follow me and you can count them yourself," Sawyer picked up a hefty stick, invited Summersill to do the same, then started up the long, white slope of the mountain.

The dark cloud had been warning enough, but they were really not prepared when the blizzard struck. They had moved about a quarter of the way up the slope. At first, the snowflakes were harmless, fluttering across the mountainside, a godsend, covering their trail. But then the white flakes came in torrents, followed by heavy wind and sleet. Gloveless, bent against the driving cold, the two men moved slowly up the mountainside.

An hour later, they stopped to rest. Summersill looked at Sawyer, who had been leading. His face and flying helmet were a mass of frozen ice and snow. Icicles hung from his nose. His eyes were glassy.

Wayne, can we go on like this?" Summersill mumbled through half-frozen lips.

"We can't stop. If we turn back, the Communists will get us for sure. If we stop here, we will freeze to death in two hours. It must be 30 degrees below zero right now. We have to keep going."

TO maintain the discipline of the march, the two men drew up a "track" plan. Under the plan, each man would lead for half an hour. The shifting of position would break the monotony. It would give each man something to look forward to.

They marched off. About then o'clock that night, eight hours after the crash, Summersill began to feel very gloomy. The trouble started in his feet. For hours, he had been plugging along in his paratrooper boots, plunging down in the white mass, which often came up to his waist. Snow had caught in his trousers legs, melted, and run down into the inside of his boots, where it froze. His feet had no feeling at all. He was unable to move his toes and could just barely bend his ankles.

Not long afterward, Sawyer sensed that they had been going in circles. He took out his small flat compass and checked the direction. Sure enough, they were headed south—toward the Communists!

"Hey, Clem," Sawyer shouted through the wind. Clem stopped. Sawyer walked up.

"You're going in the wrong direction," he said.

For no good reason, the remark made Summersill angry. It happened that he was holding his compass in his hand the moment Sawyer came up. He had just checked his bearings. "No, we're not," he said, "take a look at this." Then he noticed that as he turned, the compass needle did not swing. It remained steadily on NE.

"The damned thing is frozen," Sawyer said.

"But this is kerosene in here. It isn't supposed to freeze unless the temperature is 40 degrees below zero."

"Well, it must be 40 below," Sawyer replied. "We'd better keep one compass thawing inside our jacket at all times."

The men continued. The slope became steeper. Two hours later, they came to a stand of small trees. Summersill was in very low spirits. He was exhausted, and his feet were heavy and stiff. He told Sawyer he did not think he could go any farther.

Sawyer felt unaccountably good at the moment. "Why don't we eat?" he said. Summersill perked up.

A quick search of their emergency vests disclosed that they had between them two cans of compressed beef—each can designed to provide one man with one meal—a few pieces of candy, cheese, and a few bouillon

cubes. They had powdered tea, coffee, milk, and cream, but no means of making hot water because the flints used to ignite the two emergency sterno cans were soaked in oil and useless.

After eating the compressed beef, Summersill scooped up a handful of snow. He was about to put it in his mouth when Sawyer slapped his hand. "Don't eat that," Sawyer shouted against the wind. "It'll dry the mucous membrane in your throat. You might get pneumonia. If you want water, fill the plastic water bottle with snow and let it melt inside your jacket."

Summersill packed the plastic canteen with snow and shoved it inside his jacket. It was not very warm inside. Five hours passed before the snow melted.

The men pushed off once more into the blizzard. Sawyer led, and then Summersill. Most of the time, the men literally swam along in snow, often armpit deep.

About four o'clock in the morning, Sawyer, who was leading, noticed that the ground seemed to be leveling. The snow was not as deep, and there appeared to be a hard crust of ice underfoot. He turned and waited for Summersill to come alongside.

"Clem, I think we've come to the top."

"How do you know?"

"The ground has leveled. Look, the snow is shallow, and there is a hard crust of ice underneath. The crust was formed when the sun melted the snow, then it froze again."

Summersill stared blankly into the black void around them. He could not see more than a few inches through the slanting sleet and snow. "O.K.," he said, "O.K."

"The going will be much easier," Sawyer said.

He was mistaken. The wind came steadily out of the northeast. In the open, on top of the mountain, it blew with twice its former force. The noise alone was maddening; the stinging of snow and sleet was almost unbearable. At length, Summersill, who was leading, fell into the snow. Sawyer came alongside and sat down.

"I can't go any farther," Summersill said.

The men sat in the snow, heads bowed. Suddenly, Sawyer jumped up and violently beat his arms around his body. He shook Summersill. "Get up, Clem. Get up. We'll freeze to death if we sit here."

"How about crawling?" Summersill asked. "That'll keep us going in the wind and probably keep us from freezing to death." He wanted to avoid walking on the hard crust.

They crawled off into the wind, heads down, Summersill in the lead. He managed to pull himself along for more than an hour. Then he lost all consciousness and fell face down in the snow.

Sawyer was struggling along only a few feet behind. He saw Summersill collapse, and he stopped crawling. He got up on all fours, fighting to keep awake. But then, his strength drifted away, and, like Summersill, he fell into the snow. . . .

SAWYER awoke first. He lifted his face off the ice and shook snow from his body. The snow and wind had stopped and it was getting light. Even though a heavy fog hung over the mountaintop, the visibility had improved considerably. He wiped a mat of snow from his face and glanced at Summersill. He was little more than a white hump. Sawyer crawled over and fell against him pawing at the form with numb hands.

"Come on, Clem," he said, "we've got out of here."

Summersill awoke with a start. He jumped up. Then, like a crazed animal, he walked round and round in circles. He tried to clear his head of sleep. Sawyer sat on the ice, watching absently as Summersill walked off in the direction in which they had been crawling earlier. Summersill had gone but ten steps when he stopped and stared dumbly ahead. "Wayne!" he shouted, his voice hoarse and raspy.

Sawyer floundered through the snow until he reached Summersill's side.

"Look at that," Summersill said. Directly ahead, not more than five feet, the mountainside dropped away for several hundred feet, a sheer cliff. Sawyer stared down into the icy chasm.

"If we crawled another 15 feet—" Sawyer said.

Dawn was not far off. They took stock: Summersill's feet were completely frozen. Sawyer's left foot was beginning to freeze, even though he had changed his socks. They were almost out of food.

"We better try to find a house someplace, because my feet are really in bad shape," Summersill said. "Maybe we can find some farmer who has a fire and will let us thaw our feet. We can hit him up for some chow, too."

Sawyer was looking at the map again, trying to find their position. "I think we're right here," he said, pointing.

"You mean we've only come 20 miles?" Summersill asked, discouraged. They were not even halfway to their objective. "We're averaging just a little better than a mile an hour."

"We'd better turn east," Sawyer said. "I believe we're around the Commie flank now."

"O.K., Wayne, but let's look for a house."

THEY set off in an easterly direction along the mountaintop. Sawyer looked again at the map, trying to fix their exact position. Finally, he said to Summersill, "I don't think there is a house around here anywhere. This is desolate country."

As they walked farther along the mountaintop, it became light, even though the heavy fog still clung to the ground. After a while, Summersill said, "Wayne, what do you say we push on and not hide during the day today?"

Sawyer looked at the map again. "Look," he said, "we'll keep going east, and move down into this area. The map shows that a number of creeks originate here in this watershed. The creeks run east through the mountains and into the flatlands, and right into friendly lines. If we can pick up a creek and follow it out, we won't have to crawl up and down these mountains."

"O.K., Wayne. But if we run into any Commies, we will fight it out. Nobody captured, right?"

"Right," Sawyer replied.

A few miles later, they started down the steep face on the mountain. Walking was impossible. Sawyer sat down in the snow and slid for 100 yards. Summersill watched, and then slid down behind him. They got up, and slid another 100 yards.

"Great stuff, eh?" Sawyer said. "The mountain climbers call this glissading."

"Beats the hell out of walking," Summersill replied.



The whole day was consumed descending the mountain. Once they almost slid into a deep crevasse. Their lives were in peril for an hour, as they clawed their way back up through the snow to safety. But most of the slow descent was made on foot, traversing slopes, cutting across ridges, walking along ice or snow through the incredibly desolate country.

By early afternoon, both men had reached a physical breaking point. They blacked out for brief periods, or else their minds went off on sudden flights of fancy.

Late in the afternoon they could see the small snow-blanketed basin they had been seeking. It was very small, hardly more than 300 yards wide. A double row of bushes twisted out of the basin in an easterly direction. They guessed that the creek, frozen over and covered with several feet of snow, lay between the rows of shrubs. They started down the steep side of the basin toward the bottom.

Even though the creek was covered by a deep blanket of snow, it was easy to follow in the growing darkness. The twin rows of shrubs delineated its course like two hedges alongside a sidewalk. About half an hour after dark, the clouds suddenly lifted. The sky became clear, the visibility extraordinary. The two men looked up at the profusion of stars shining brightly overhead. On signal from Sawyer, they stopped.

"Look at that," he said. "We certainly have been having the breaks on the weather. It's overcast in the daytime when we need to hide, and clear at night when we need to see."

"Almost miraculous," Summersill said.

For the first time, the two men were able to get a good look at the surrounding countryside. As far as they could see, it was a mass of snow-covered mountains, peaks, ridges, and canyons. The creek alongside which they had stopped lay in the bottom of a canyon about 300 yards wide and 500

feet deep. The walls were steep, almost vertical in places, and covered by deep snow-drifts.

The stream itself, no more than ten feet wide, carved a course down through the middle of the canyon floor. It twisted and turned, snaking its way eastward down through the mountains.

Not long afterward, Summersill suddenly began to cry. He did not know why, but he sobbed uncontrollably. Then he began to shout, "Wayne. Get me out of this snow. Get me out of this snow." He heard himself shouting insanely. He knew that snow covered everything for miles and that Sawyer was powerless to help. Yet he could not stop.

Sawyer tried to quiet him. "Clem, there might be Communists all around here. They'll kill us on sight if they get us. Do you hear? Shut up. You have to shut up."

He wrapped an arm around Summersill. The two sat down in the snow. Then, as suddenly as he had lost his senses, Summersill regained them. To help restore his confidence, Sawyer said, "Why don't you lead off for a while?"

Summersill took off down the stream, clomping through the deep snow. All at once, he stopped still. He blinked his eyes, then shook his head. He could not believe what he saw—two small mud huts. Smoke, and an occasional spark, puffed from a small chimney sticking out of the top of the hut.

Summersill pulled out his .45 and walked slowly between the two mud huts. Sawyer also had his pistol drawn. He crept along behind. When they had moved about 50 yards past the huts, they stopped to whisper.

"What the hell was all that?" Summersill asked.

"Chinese one-man huts. They're like pup tents. Must be a guard post. Probably a bivouac of some kind back there."

They pushed on through the snow. With the sighting of the mud huts, tension

mounted; it was plain that they were now in an area occupied—and guarded—by Chinese troops.

At midnight, the two men stopped by a rock to rest and eat their last can of rations. After they had finished, Summerville decided that they would have dessert. He took a small square from the emergency vest, pulled the wrapping off and took a big bite. He swallowed the bite before he realized that the square was not a "Charm" candy but a bouillon cube. The cube was very bitter and extremely salty. Summerville immediately became nauseous.

When he threw it up, he caught it in his hand and then swallowed it again. In a few minutes it came up again. Once more, he caught it and pushed it down. He did not want to lose the food. He knew he needed every scrap of energy he could get.

When they set off again, Sawyer led. Summerville trailed, alternately throwing up his food and swallowing it every few minutes. His stomach ached, his throat was raw.

The sickness soon absorbed his remaining strength. From time to time, he blacked out entirely. Once he went to sleep on his feet, standing erect in the middle of the snow. Sawyer walked a long way before he realized Summerville was not behind him. When he tried to wake him, the two men fell into the snow.

Summerville sighed. "Wayne, is it really worth getting up and going on?"

Sawyer replied, "I don't give a damn if I ever move again. I just want to sleep." They lay in the snow for several minutes.

Then, as he had done on many occasions before, Sawyer jumped up, stomping his feet, shaking his head, and slapping his arms around his body. He shook Summerville violently. "Get up, Clem. Get up. We've got to get out of here."

Summerville got to his feet. He was amazed to discover that his head had cleared and his stomach had stopped aching. He got out a piece of candy and put it in his mouth. Then he picked up a handful of snow and took a bite. He held the snow, along with the candy, in his mouth. The snow seemed to melt faster when mixed with the candy. He swallowed the mixture. "How good that feels on my raw throat," he said aloud.

They pushed on down the creekside, Summerville leading. About three hours past midnight, the men rounded a turn in the trail and came upon a deep gorge. Two eight-inch logs covered with snow and ice formed a bridge spanning the dark chasm. Summerville put his knees in the "V" between the two logs and inched along. Halfway across, he looked down. He could not see the bottom of the gorge. He shuddered. If one of them fell, he thought, what would happen? Suppose one broke a leg? Would both men stay together, or would one man go on? Summerville was greatly relieved when he reached the opposite bank.

"Come on across, Wayne. But be careful. It's very slippery and the gorge is very deep. Come on now. That's right. One knee in front of the other. Easy does it."

With only a foot to go, Sawyer stood up to walk off the end of the log. He slipped and fell. At the last instant, he blindly groped with numb hands for the side of the bank. Somehow, he found a handhold and stopped his fall. Quickly Summerville reached down and grabbed his clothing. As he did so, the 45 slipped from his jacket, struck Sawyer

a glancing blow on the head, then clattered down—seemingly forever—into the icy gorge below.

Summerville braced a frozen leg against one of the logs, and pulled Sawyer up on the bank. The two men lay on the ground for some minutes, breathing heavily. Finally, they got up and pushed on.

THEY trudged, stumbled, and crawled for several hours. Then, through watery, half-closed eyes, they noticed a faint light beginning to glow in the east. There was not a cloud in the sky. The day would be bright and sunny. They were sure the Communist soldiers would spot them if they remained on the open floor of the canyon. Once again, they began the search for a safe place to spend the day.

About ten minutes later, they came to a Korean house jammed in between the creek and canyon wall. A light shone in the front window. Should they approach it? They stopped and held a whispered conference. They decided to try to make contact with the Koreans who presumably occupied the house. If, by chance, the Koreans were not sympathetic, perhaps they could buy protection. Since he had lost his pistol, Summerville was selected to walk ahead and make the contact. Sawyer would cover him from the bush.

Summerville walked straight up to the door of the house. He raised his hand to knock. Something—he did not know what—caused him to stop his fist in mid-air and back away from the door. He was suspicious. He crept to the window, stood back slightly, and looked in through the unfrosted pane. In one look, he counted six Chinese soldiers.

Though he ducked away into the darkness immediately, the scene inside the room remained vividly implanted in his mind. One Chinese soldier was sitting on a chair drinking a cup of tea. His head was bowed, his hands were wrapped around the cup. Another stood talking to two other soldiers who were sitting on the floor. A fifth Chinese was sitting alone at a crude table playing cards; a sixth was asleep on the floor.

Summerville backed hurriedly toward the spot where he knew Sawyer was hiding. But Sawyer was gone.

Summerville thought: They've captured him. He pulled out his knife and switched the blade into position. Then he walked around slowly in the darkness, calling very softly, "Wayne? Wayne?"

"Yes?" It was Sawyer's voice. He had moved to another bush. Summerville heard the click of the 45 hammer as Sawyer let it go forward slowly. The two men came face to face.

"It's a good thing you spoke up when you did," Sawyer said. "I thought you were a Chinese, and if you had taken one more step, I would have blasted your guts out."

"That's all right," Summerville said. "I was just getting ready to cut your throat."

The house blocked the way ahead. The only way around it appeared to be through rushing waters of the creek. Sawyer and Summerville scrambled down the steep bank and plunged into the cold thigh-deep water, stumbling across rocks and boulders. Summerville could feel water trickling into his boots. He knew it would be frozen solid in a matter of minutes.

When they reached the opposite bank, they scampered up through the rocks, found a

trail that followed the lip of the bank, and hurried down it. They had not gone far when they saw a Chinese soldier walking up the opposite bank of the creek. They stopped and crouched in the shadow of a rock, watching the soldier make his way toward the house.

When he had disappeared from view, Sawyer and Summerville got up and hurried on. They were rounding a bend when they spotted a second Communist soldier, this time on their side of the creek and coming straight up the trail toward them. Both men eased back into the shadow of a large tree. Summerville pulled out his knife. He made a signal to indicate he would tackle the soldier low. Sawyer took out his pistol, gripped it by the barrel, and motioned that he would knock the soldier on the head. They didn't want to alert the other soldiers.

As the Chinese came steadily on, they could see that he wore the standard green-tinged Chinese Communist Army uniform and carried a Russian submachine gun. When he was about 30 feet from the tree, he turned abruptly from the trail, climbed down the creek side, and skipped through the water to the opposite side.

To avoid Communist soldiers who might be using the creekside trail, the two airmen cut off to the right and climbed halfway up the sloping canyon wall. It was rugged terrain and, therefore, less likely to be patrolled. They hurried on, searching everywhere for a cave. After a while, they realized that the ridges were not as steep. Ahead, the flat canyon floor seemed to blend in gradually with the ridge slopes. At last, they were coming out of the mountains into the flatlands.

The snow was thinning out. In some places, the earth was entirely bare. Summerville became aware of the transition in a painful way: while tramping through the relatively soft snow, he had felt little pain from his frozen feet. But, as the snow thinned, and they moved on frozen ground for long periods, the sensation of walking on slits returned.

"We've got to find a place and thaw out my feet," Summerville said. "I just can't go on much farther like this."

"Well, maybe we ought to go back to the creek where the going is easier."

THE two men circled back down toward the creek—now a river more than 100 yards wide—to pick up the trail. As they came down out of the ridges, they saw a Korean farm just ahead. They threaded their way through the frozen ponds of a rice paddy. They saw a soldier. "Clem," he whispered. "Across the creek. Communist soldiers!"

"Where?" Clem asked. He seemed unable to focus his eyes.

"Right over there. About half a dozen of them. They have burp guns. They must be guerrillas. They seem to be headed back toward the mud house."

"Well, let's get the hell out of here."

"Wait! There's a potato bed. Let's try to get into it."

Sawyer led the way to a Korean potato bed, a large hole in the ground covered over by a thatched straw roof that protruded two or three inches above the surface. They pulled on the straw cover. It would not budge. It was frozen in place.

"We better keep moving," Sawyer said, "or we'll attract attention."

They struck off down the trail, one behind the other, bent over and walking slowly. Their clothes were dirty and torn. Their faces were bearded and filthy. They hoped that from a distance, the guerrillas would take them for two old Korean peasants trudging down the path. Sawyer kept one hand inside his jacket on his .45.

The ruse was successful. The guerrillas did not appear concerned. Soon the Chinese were out of sight. At the same moment, the airmen spotted a small, windowless mud house about 100 yards up the slope from the trail.

Pausing briefly at the rear of the house, they split up, going around in opposite directions. They met in front of the house. Then, with weapons drawn, they rushed through the opening that served as the door. There was nothing in it except a feeding trough. The "house" was actually a Korean barn.

They searched the dirt floor for something to eat and found several kernels of corn but, otherwise, nothing. "The cheap cows even ate all the salt block," Sawyer observed, as he looked through the feed trough.

SUMMERSILL suggested that they move on to the farmhouse itself, a few hundred yards down the trail. "We can get warm and get something to eat."

Sawyer was thoroughly exhausted. He did not want to move. "I'm staying right here, Clem. I'm not moving another step. If the Communists come, I'll fight it out."

Summersill got up and looked out the opening. It was now completely daylight. He could see for miles across the Korean countryside. "Wayne!" he said, suddenly. "There are some Communists in the woods over there. Look!"

Sawyer jumped up and whipped out his .45. "Where?" he asked.

"Over there." Clem pointed to a nearby patch of trees.

"Get back," Sawyer said, wide awake. "That patch of trees probably contains a command post. No use staying here. They probably walk right by this barn all day long from trail to the trees."

They waited a few minutes. Then, with Sawyer leading, they struck off down the

slope toward the trail, walking at a slow pace, with heads bowed, posing again as Korean peasants. Summersill quietly congratulated himself for getting Sawyer out of the barn. He did not feel guilty about the lie. He sincerely believed that if they did not get to the house, they would both die.

They branched off the trail and walked toward the thatch-roofed mud farmhouse. Sawyer ducked behind a large tree about 40 feet from the front door; Summersill walked up to the side of the house and knelt down among several shocks of straw. With his ear against the mud wall, he could hear voices inside the house.

After a few seconds, Summersill reached around the corner of the house and knocked on the door. Now he could hear the voices inside babbling in low tones, apparently discussing the knock. Finally, an old Korean with a white beard and a fez hat stuck his head outside. Summersill grabbed the man by the neck with both hands, and literally jerked him through the door and around the corner of the house. He forced him to squat down in the straw. Summersill did not want anyone inside the house to see him just yet, and he did not want to attract attention from the outside.

While the old man watched nervously, Summersill took out an Air Force "pointee-talkie," a device containing 15 or 20 sentences, to be used in such emergencies. Summersill jabbed a finger at the sentence that read: "I am here to help the Korean people." The old man did not seem to understand. Summersill pointed to another sentence. It read: "I am an American aviator." The old man looked blank.

Summersill then spoke to the old man in broken Japanese. The Korean's eyes lit up faintly. Then, half in Japanese and half in sign language, he explained that he did not know how to read. He told Summersill he would go back inside the house and get someone who could. Summersill immediately suspected a trap. He looked toward the tree where Sawyer was hiding; then he turned the old man loose and signaled to Sawyer.

Sawyer, with .45 held ready, stepped from behind the trees into the open, facing the door. He made signs to indicate that he would

start blasting the instant the first Communist soldier came out. Summersill nodded, then waved his knife, indicating that he would rush from the side. Then they waited. Summersill could hear the voices inside the house jabbering excitedly.

After about five minutes—it seemed like hours—the door cracked open. Summersill tensed. A Korean man about 40 years old stepped around the corner. He seemed friendly. Summersill put away his knife. If the man was sympathetic, he did not want to appear hostile. Unseen, Sawyer stepped back behind the tree.

Summersill took out his pointee-talkie again. The Korean looked at it, shook his head, then pointed to his eyes. He apparently needed glasses. He would go back inside to get them. Summersill let him go, then once more alerted Sawyer. The two men once again braced for a rush of Chinese soldiers. In a few minutes, the Korean came out alone, wearing glasses.

Summersill gave him the "pointee-talkie" and again jabbed at the sentence that said: "I am here to help the Korean people." The Korean nodded his head and smiled as he read the sentence in Korean. Then Summersill put his finger on the sentence that read: "I am an American aviator." At that the Korean became very excited. He slapped Summersill on the back, smiled warmly, and shook his hand violently. He made signs to show that he was sympathetic.

The Korean pulled Summersill by the arm, motioning toward the door. Sawyer stepped from behind the tree and walked up, his pistol leveled at the Korean. The latter got a glimpse of Sawyer out of the corner of his eye and turned pale. He jabbered excitedly, and waved his arms high in the air. He was very frightened. Summersill said in Japanese, *Tamadachi, Tamadachi* [friend]. The Korean was relieved. Sawyer slipped his pistol back in his shoulder holster. The Korean slapped Sawyer on the back, pumped his hand warmly, then urged both men to hurry inside before they were seen by Communist soldiers.

THE Korean pushed open the door to the house and entered. Before going inside, Sawyer and Summersill once again took out their weapons. Then they rushed in, quickly looking behind the door, into each corner, and inside an adjoining room. They found only an old Korean woman.

The airmen felt it was important for their safety to make it perfectly clear to the Koreans that they were not hostile, and that they wanted to become friends. As a first step, they sat down on the floor and, in accordance with the polite Oriental custom, started to take off their boots. When the Koreans realized what the two men were doing, they rushed forward, shaking their heads. They had seen what the tired airmen had not—the boots were hopelessly frozen. No amount of tugging at the laces would undo them.

The old man bent down and rubbed his hands over the ice-coated boots. Then he spoke to the woman. She disappeared into the other room and returned with a flatiron, which she placed inside the *habachi*, the charcoal-burning urn in the center of the room. When the flatiron was hot, the old man pressed it against the laces of the boots.



"I'll bet the navigator's catching hell!"

(Continued on page 46)

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Gradually the ice melted. Sawyer's boots came off easily. Summersill's were frozen to his socks and had to be cut in several places. The socks had to be "ironed" to unfreeze them from his feet.

Once the boots were off, Sawyer carefully inspected Summersill's feet. He could see ice crystals under the surface of the skin. There was no doubt that they were frozen solid. The brittle feet reminded him vaguely of two pieces of beef that had been in a freezer for a long time. He noted that the skin of one heel had been ripped off, apparently while rolling off the socks. He told Summersill to take two of the sulfa tablets in the first-aid kit, to guard against gangrene.

The old man got a large bundle of loose cotton and a bottle of oil. He sat down and carefully spread the oil over their feet, then wrapped them with the loose cotton. Then he spoke in Korean to the old woman. She looked pained and hesitated. He barked at her sharply, and she fairly flew into the other room and returned with a brand-new, white Korean shirt. He promptly ripped it into bandages, which he wrapped around the outside of the loose cotton.

"These people seem to know a lot about frostbite," Sawyer said. "I guess the cotton is to keep our feet warm and keep us from bruising them, which you can do easily while they are frozen. The oil is to keep the cotton from sticking to the frozen part."

Meantime, the old woman had been preparing food. First, she brought the airmen two bowls of steaming celery broth. This was followed by two heaping bowls of rice and cups of hot tea. As they ate, they told the Koreans—through the help of the pointee-talkie and sign language—who they were and how they happened to have been shot down behind enemy lines. They stressed that they had been doing everything possible to try to rid the Korean countryside of Communist invaders.

FINALLY, when they felt that they had the confidence of the Koreans, Summersill pointed to the sentence on his pointee-talkie that said: "Please find someone who can speak English and who can help us." The younger Korean got up and nodded. He put on his coat and hat, and then he was gone.

Summersill's feet were beginning to hurt. Every muscle in his body ached. He was so sleepy that he could hardly hold his eyes open. Within seconds, he rolled over on the warm floor and was asleep. Sawyer sat against the wall facing the door with one hand inside his jacket on his 45—just in case. But several minutes later he, too, was sound asleep. The Korean woman covered both of them with blankets.

When Summersill regained consciousness, he heard the sound of gruff, Oriental voices. The first thought that flashed through his mind was: Communist soldiers! The young Korean has betrayed us. He was so frightened that he could not open his eyes. He lay on the floor waiting for the slam of the rifle bullet, wondering vaguely if there was a way out.

After a few minutes he opened his eyes. Standing over him were two soldiers dressed in GI field fatigues. Summersill blinked, and then recognized the soldiers as South Korean. One man was a first lieutenant, the

other a sergeant. Each held a carbine slung over his arm. They were arguing in Korean. Summersill rolled over on his back and shouted, "Hey, boys. I thought you were Chinese." He started to get to his feet.

The South Korean lieutenant smiled, and said, "Take it easy." He pushed Summersill back on the floor and cautioned him not to try to get up. "You might bruise your feet."

Summersill knew he ought to be terribly happy, and, in a way, he was, but somehow he could not express it. He shook the lieutenant's hand warmly. His tired eyes said the rest. He fired questions: "How did you get here, by foot, jeep, or helicopter? How many of you are there? How did you find us? How far are the front lines?" By then Sawyer was awake, plying the sergeant with questions. But the sergeant did not speak English. . . .

THE ROK told this story: The Korean civilian had run 12 miles to the front and had made contact with the ROK's. The ROK's set out immediately in a jeep through enemy lines toward the house. They traveled as far as they could in the jeep—eight miles—and then parked it and came the rest of the way on foot. Although the area was heavily infiltrated by Communist guerrillas, they had avoided detection on the way in. The lieutenant explained that he was very anxious to start back because it was getting dark.

While the ROK talked, the two Korean men made crude stretchers from quilts and poles. Summersill and Sawyer lay down on the stretchers. Then they bade farewell to the old Korean woman, on whom they bestowed a token gift: the sewing kit from the emergency vest. She waved farewell, and then the group, joined by several friendly Koreans who had been waiting outside the house, set off toward the jeep, four miles away.

The younger Korean and a friend carried Summersill's stretcher. The ROK sergeant and another Korean carried Sawyer. The lieutenant walked ahead, watching for Communist guerrillas. He found them soon across the wide river. They fired burp guns and Russian rifles, but the aim was poor, the distance great.

The lieutenant waved the stretchers off the trail and, when the airmen were safely under cover, returned the fire. Soon the guerrillas ceased firing, and the party resumed its hurried pace. They encountered several more Communist guerrillas who fired random shots across the river. Each time the Korean lieutenant skillfully returned the fire and dissuaded the guerrillas from taking further action.

Two hours later the group arrived at the jeep, which had been parked off the trail and camouflaged.

Just before dark, the jeep reached a UN outpost. It was an advance element of the 5th ROK Division. By then, both Summersill and Sawyer were heavily doped with morphine that the ROK lieutenant had brought along. However, they regained consciousness long enough to say good-bye to the friendly Korean civilians. Summersill reached in his pocket where he had 40,000 Korean won (equivalent then to about ten



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(Continued from page 46)

dollars). He got out the pointee-talkie and pointed to the sentence that said, "I will reward you." The Koreans refused to take Summersill's money. The airmen took their names and made arrangements for them to receive other remuneration.

At a ROK medical aid station, the airmen were taken off the jeep and placed on pallets on the floor of a building. Small Korean children came to look at the strange Americans. They gave them pieces of their candy and two eggs. Summersill tried to smile, but his face was drawn and ached. Then he mumbled in Japanese: "You're very kind; thank you very much." Tears filled his eyes.

An American ambulance took them to a U.S. aid station in Pungni, where they were unloaded and fed "homemade biscuits," beef sandwiches, and hot coffee. On the front nearby, a fire-fight was in progress. There were several wounded GI's in the aid station, one of whom came over to Summersill, looked him in the eye, and said, "Boy, Lieutenant, you look like hell."

In Tokyo they were confined to a hospital. Within a few days, Sawyer was up and about. He lost only a tiny piece of his big toe. He was later assigned to an Army unit that specialized in briefing men on how to survive behind enemy lines.

Summersill was flown to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. There, in order to save his life, both feet were amputated.

The worst part about the experience for Summersill was the fact that with the amputation, he lost not only his opportunity to fly fighters, but also his right to serve as an officer in the USAF. As he well knew, there were no double amputees on duty in the Air Force; none had ever flown a plane.



Maria Cobham listened and learned. Through half a dozen sea fights she stood unflinchingly at her husband's side. It was her way to lay eight charged pistols along the combing of the cabin trunk, and in the height of battle her marksmanship was deadly. Nor did she shoot at the sailors swarming in the waist of a prospective prize. Obedient to her husband's instruction, her fire was reserved for officers, and it was in no small degree responsible for the ease with which the *Jolly Companions* overcame and captured vessel after vessel, killing all crews and scuttling all ships.

It may be assumed that, as a female pirate, Maria Cobham graduated when she captured the bark *Manchester Maid*. Also, appropriately, the first cold-blooded, sword-in-hand murder she committed had, as its immediate object, the procurement of clothing. It happened thus:

Despite her apparent fragility, Maria Cobham's grip was firm and her wrist strong. She wielded a sharp, medium-weight sword

While still in the hospital, he began looking around for a civilian job to supplement the disability pension he would receive on discharge. In record time, he was hobbling around with new artificial feet, determined to make a good show of it.

One day a young Air Force aviation cadet, badly hurt in an auto accident, was brought to Walter Reed and put in a private room. Summersill pushed his way into the isolated room a few days later and started up a conversation with the cadet. With great astonishment, he learned that he was Hoyt S. ("Sandy") Vandenberg, Junior, son of the Chief of Staff of the Air Force.

As weeks passed, Summersill and young Vandenberg became good friends. They talked of flying, Vandenberg hoped that his injuries would not—as Summersill's had—deprive him of flying status. Summersill told Vandenberg of his experiences and how badly he hated to leave the Air Force to go back to civilian life.

One night, several weeks later, Summersill stopped by Sandy's room. He noticed that the door would not open fully. It seemed to be pushing against something. Summersill peeped around it and looked squarely into the face of Sandy's father, General Hoyt Vandenberg.

Sandy introduced them and told his father about Clem's escape and how much he wanted to stay in the Air Force.

The result was that a desk job was found for Summersill in the Air Force, and General Vandenberg personally dictated a special order permitting a double amputee to remain on active duty.

Not long afterward, Summersill married a former Army nurse. By then, he had become so proficient with his artificial feet that he could even fly a plane. . . .

Two-Ocean Vice Fleet

Continued from page 35

tailored to her strength and stature, and she would allow no one to touch it. She edged and pointed it herself, and the old grindstone in the well deck of the *Jolly Companions* creaked and whirled as she drove the treadle, grinding a razor edge on her blade and a needle point. As the *Jolly Companions* bore down on the bark *Manchester Maid*, Maria stood, sword in hand. The fight was short, sharp and successful; in 15 minutes Maria and Eric stood on the decks of the *Manchester Maid* and contemplated their handiwork.

"You, sir!" Maria's voice suddenly rang out, her words directed toward a young lieutenant who, had escaped the slaughter. He was now being herded with the rest of the *Maid's* crew at the break of the poop. He wore a resplendent coat of blue and silver with flaring lapels, white breeches, and he was just about Maria's size.

"You will strip!" she informed him

(Continued on page 50)



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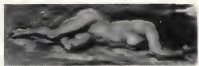
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(Continued from page 48)

crisply, and under the musket muzzles of the pirate crew, and their ready cutlasses, he complied. Then, advancing determinedly, Maria Cobham ran the man through with her sword. It was as simple as that. Gathering the various items of the dead lieutenant's uniform, Maria disappeared briefly from the deck. When she returned she was dazzling in blue and silver, her neat legs and trim ankles superbly set off by white breeches and silk stockings, and this style of uniform she wore constantly thereafter, having several similar ones stitched up at her first opportunity ashore.

Lieutenant Blaine, commanding officer of HMS *Fury*, held his hat under his left arm and waited for his senior to speak. Old Captain Worthwright, seated at his Admiralty desk in London, studied the dispatches before him another full minute; then looked up:

"Lieutenant, I have here 20 reports of probable piracy on the high seas. Few are verified; the vessels simply disappear with their crews. But they disappear in calm weather, safe waters, and without apparent reason. We suspect one vessel—the cutter *Jolly Companions*. This ship seems to operate out of Plymouth. You will take the *Fury* to that area, and make every endeavor to capture or sink this cutter. Have you any questions?"

"Is the name of the pirate known, sir?"

"Yes—and no!" replied the troubled captain. "As fantastic as it sounds, it seems to be a husband-and-wife combination, and we've heard the name of Cobham, although that means little or nothing. You may be sure they're a bloodthirsty pair, and you'd best be on your guard!"

"I see, sir. I shall do my best."

The *Fury* almost—but not quite—caught up with the *Jolly Companions*. Sighting the pirate on a late afternoon of moderate winds, the *Fury* sought to overtake. Cobham, however, remembering his days as a smuggler, mustered his crew with water buckets to douse down his lower sails, thus increasing their wind-holding capacity. In a prolonged race the *Jolly Companions* slowly pulled away from the *Fury*, and gaining the cover of night, eluded her pursuer. But the brush had been too close for Eric Cobham's nerves, and with the morning he shaped his course to cross the broad Atlantic.

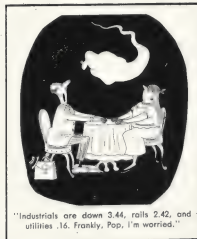
ARRIVING off the coast of Block Island, Eric Cobham took counsel with his pretty wife. The *Jolly Companions* was loaded with loot, and what better place to hide it than the bleak shores off which they cruised? The treasure, 16,000 gold guineas, was buried accordingly—the fact is revealed in Eric Cobham's privately printed autobiography—and the treasure has never been found. Also, sometime during their American stay, the Cobhams abandoned the *Jolly Companions* for a larger vessel. Perhaps she was one of the fast American clipper ships then making their appearance; history is silent on this point.

With their new vessel Eric and Maria lay in wait for, captured, looted, and sank three ships passing near Cape Breton Island and Prince Edward's Island, on the London-Quebec run. One was the Liverpool ship *Lion*, and Maria used her master and his mates as targets to sharpen her marksmanship. Ordering that the men be chained to

the windlass, she laid out her eight favorite pistols on the cabin trunk and blazed away until all were dead. Maria never missed.

"We're wealthy," Maria Cobham faced her husband in their cabin several months after the beginning of their cruise in North American waters. "Why don't we return to Europe and retire? You could buy a handsome estate, and we could live the rest of our days as respected landowners. I must confess I'm a bit tired of living in a ship's cabin."

Eric Cobham was ready for retirement, too; so the pair of pirates sailed east, where Cobham tried to buy a large estate near Poole, England. He was not successful in his negotiation, but while he was ashore about this business, his restless wife decided to take their vessel to sea for one more foray. Commanding in her husband's stead, she captured the East Indiaman *Lahore Prince*, and introduced a wholly new tech-



nique for dispatching the crew. Having them mustered in the waist, she served all hands with a stew she'd previously liberally laced with laudanum. When the last man dropped in his tracks, she hove both vessels to, pitched the bodies overside, looted and sank her prize, and returned to port.

From the Duc de Chartres Eric Cobham finally managed to purchase an exquisite ocean front estate near Le Havre, France; he and Maria sold their piratical craft, and moved ashore into lives of respectability. But Maria Cobham could never stand the humdrum life of a chateleine. She became profoundly depressed, and when Eric accepted a post as local judge she seemed to consider it a direct challenge to their former life.

Maria took to wandering alone along the gale-swept headlands, and eventually there came the day when her cloak was found on the shore, together with a half-empty vial of laudanum. Her body washed ashore in due course. Respectability had proved too much for Maria Cobham; in a mood of despondency she had ended her life. Eric Cobham, however, lived out a long and respected career as a judge in the local county courts. Finally, sensing the approach of death, he committed to manuscript the principal details of his pirate days, instructed his priest to publish the facts after Cobham's death, and then he died—the epitome of wealth and respectability. ■



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

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Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

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You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

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Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

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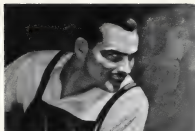
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I Murdered Them All

Continued from page 21

sive jewelry with him on February 19. Although the man had given a different name, the owner of the shop recognized him as someone who had pawned a few articles in 1948. Checking back through his records, the pawnbroker found the man identified as J. G. Haigh of Onslow Court Hotel, London.

It was a simple matter for Inspector Rogers to have the fur coat and the jewels positively identified as those of Mrs. Durand-Deacon. Then, on the night of February 26, Haigh was summoned to the Chelsea Police Station and asked to explain the suspicious evidence.

Haigh faced Inspector Rogers and smiled. "If I told you the truth," he said, "you wouldn't believe me. It sounds too fantastic for belief."

And it was almost too fantastic for belief. It sounded like the raving of a madman; but the greatest horror of all was that John George Haigh was not mad.

"Mrs. Durand-Deacon no longer exists," Haigh explained calmly. "She has disappeared completely and no trace of her can ever be found. I've destroyed her with acid. You'll find the sludge that remains at Leopold Road. I did the same with the Hendersons and the McSwans. Every trace is gone. How can you prove murder if there's no body?"

That was the challenge Haigh flung at the police. Supremely, arrogantly confident that by wiping human beings out of existence, by reducing them to little more than mud, he could thus escape judgment, John George Haigh had made no effort to conceal his crimes and was now actually anxious to tell all about them. He wanted a chance to glory in his achievement.

HE described how he shot Mrs. Durand-Deacon, then drank her blood, and how he got her body to decompose in the acid bath. The remaining sludge he simply dumped in the yard behind the storehouse. As for the McSwan family, he had first killed the boy, Donald, in 1944, and several weeks later, at the beginning of the new year, he murdered the parents. Then, in 1948, he had killed Dr. Henderson and his wife, disposing of their bodies in the same efficient way that he had used for Mrs. Durand-Deacon.

A confession is one thing; a conviction is another. The truth, as Haigh himself had smilingly warned Inspector Rogers, sounds too fantastic for belief—and this applies not only to the murders but to the events that followed. For as it developed, with an irony that staggers the imagination, the discovery of the crimes and the identity of the murderer were almost a useless achievement. John George Haigh stood an excellent chance of literally getting away with murder—protected by the scrupulously fair principles of justice that are embodied in English law. These were the principles that stood between Haigh and the hangman:

The first obstacle confronting the police was to prove that murder had been committed. As far as the Hendersons and McSwans were concerned—five human beings wiped out of existence—it was impossible to establish Haigh's guilt. There was no lack of circumstantial evidence, including forged receipts, powers of attorney and letters that had been mailed to the few relatives these two families had had, but there wasn't a shred of evidence to show that the five victims were dead. They had been dissolved into nothingness.

The only possibility of establishing the fact of murder lay in reconstructing some identifiable part of the corpse of Olive Durand-Deacon. Accordingly, the dirt yard behind the warehouse was carefully spaded and samples of the soil were brought to the Forensic Science Laboratory at Scotland Yard.

After a painstaking examination of the soil, laboratory experts succeeded in winnowing out a few significant things. They found the handle of a red plastic handbag, three false teeth, three gallstones, fragments of human bone, and lumps of a yellowish substance resembling melted body fat.

THIS was not enough. Scotland Yard officials were pressing for proof that these were not the remains of a human being but actually those of Mrs. Durand-Deacon. They had one chance, and one chance only, of accomplishing this. The three false teeth were taken to the murdered woman's dentist, Dr. John Satterley, and he positively identified them as the ones he had put into his patient's jaw.

Now the police were prepared to go to trial. They had overcome one obstacle, and they were expecting another—the quest of Haigh's sanity. But there was one they could not have foreseen, and this was to cause a crisis of formidable proportions, one which pitted the Law against the Press in a dramatic struggle that was played out unknown to the public.

Haigh had been arrested on March 1, 1949. Several days prior to his being formally charged with murder, London newspapers published reports hinting that he had slain other people besides Mrs. Durand-Deacon. These articles continued on the day after he was charged. Word was sent to the various editorial offices that further comment along these lines might be viewed as contempt of court.

This didn't stop the papers. The reason for their rather uncharacteristic stubbornness on such a matter was that, at the time, they were caught in a fierce competition for readers. A 1948 slump in circulation had brought a few of the dailies to the brink of disaster, and they had resorted to sensationalism in their fight to survive. For them, the Haigh murders were made to order.

(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 52)

On March 4, the *Daily Express* electrified Londoners with a story that ran under the headline: "Yard Holding Vampire Slayer?" The suspected slayer was never named, but this thin subterfuge gave no comfort to Scotland Yard officials. The fact that Haigh had drunk the blood of Mrs. Durand-Deacon might be offered in evidence at his trial, and any newspaper reports along this line could be considered as prejudicial to the case. English law is strict on this point.

THAT afternoon an emergency meeting was held in the offices of Scotland Yard's legal department. Attorney General Sir Percival Clarke was present, and so was Sir Harold Scott, commissioner of the metropolitan police. They faced the serious possibility that, as a result of the newspaper story and others that would follow, the case against Haigh might have to be dropped. This would not have been a catastrophe if Haigh could have been charged with murdering another of his victims. Under the circumstances, however, the man would be beyond the reach of the law.

Commissioner Scott drew up a confidential memorandum and had his public information officer send it to all newspaper editors, warning them that any further speculation about the Haigh murders would definitely become a matter for court action.

This had the desired effect. Every paper respected the commissioner's warning and thereafter printed only the information officially released. Every paper, that is, but one—and the editor of this tabloid later found himself summoned to court on contempt charges. He went to prison for a stretch of three months.

On July 18, when John George Haigh was led into the dock of the Sussex Assizes to be tried for murder before Mr. Justice Richard Humphreys, the lone chance that remained for him to escape the hangman lay in being proved insane. In England, under what are known as the M'Naughton Rules, a jury is confronted with two questions: Did the accused know what he was doing? And did he know that what he was doing was wrong? If the answer to both questions is "Yes," the prisoner is legally sane.

A single witness testified for the defense: Dr. Gregory Putnam, a psychiatrist, stated that Haigh suffered from delusions of grandeur and therefore did not know he was doing wrong when he killed Mrs. Durand-Deacon.

He was cross-examined by Attorney General Clarke.

"In your opinion, Dr. Putnam," Clarke began, "would you say that the accused knew what he was doing when he fired the shot that killed Mrs. Durand-Deacon?"

"Yes," said the psychiatrist. "It was a deliberate act."

"But you believe he didn't know that doing this was wrong?"

"A victim of delusions of grandeur frequently behaves as though he can do no wrong."

"That he is above all law?" asked Clarke.

"Exactly."

"Then can you tell us why such a person would bother to conceal his crime by destroying the body of his victim?"

Dr. Putnam hesitated. "When you put it that way," he conceded, "I must admit that

it would seem as though he sought to escape being caught."

"And would it not be fair to say that he wanted to escape capture because he wanted to avoid punishment?"

"I would think so."

"Then," Clarke pressed the psychiatrist, "does it not seem that the accused was well aware that committing murder was wrong?"

"It would seem so," conceded Dr. Putnam. Clarke turned to Mr. Justice Humphreys and said quietly, "I do not consider it necessary to call any evidence in rebuttal."

It wasn't necessary. At the end of the two-day trial, John George Haigh was found guilty and sentenced to hang.

Once the trial was over, London papers erupted with stories about the condemned man. He was described as a fiend and a "beast that walked on two legs." But, as one writer pointed out, such labels obscured the real horror. They conjured up images of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—while the truth was even more terrifying, precisely because Haigh was *not* like Robert Louis Stevenson's famous split-personality character. At no time in his life had he ever betrayed his twisted mind. He *seemed* emotionally stable. According to business associates and personal acquaintances, he had always behaved like a gentleman.

THE true horror of John George Haigh was that he murdered like a gentleman.

He was no Jack the Ripper, no sexual sadist, no lover of violence. He was the businesslike slayer of the century, a man who was capable of making a career out of destroying other human beings. His sole weakness was that he was inhuman.

In all, Haigh boasted of killing nine people, all of whom he had carefully singled out for death. But Scotland Yard investigators could only verify the murder of six. Despite intensive police work, no trace could be found of the other three he claimed to have slain.

This pleased Haigh tremendously. He bragged that he had destroyed the other three victims so perfectly that "they might just as well never have existed." With this triumph Haigh went to the gallows—smiling.

"I am clever," he told the governor of Wandsworth Prison, "than all of them at Scotland Yard."

FOR THE GREATEST IN-ADVENTURE READING LOOK FOR THE FOLLOWING SYMBOL ON THE COVERS OF YOUR FAVORITE MEN'S MAGAZINES:

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Fish Fight Like Crazy Get at Your Bait!

Ever drop a baited hook into a school of spawning fish? If you've ever done this, you know what happened. In two seconds, a hundred frantic fish churned the water into a froth as all these fish went crazy trying to get at your bait. Spawning fish will hit an artificial lure so hard they actually chip off the paint! Now I've found a way to make fish go

just that crazy ANY time—any day in the year and in any kind of water. I've found a way for you to get your limit, the kind of fish you're after while other fishermen come home empty handed. Are you willing to let me prove that every word I say is true? Then read how you can try my method without risking a single penny of your money.

by CARL HANDEL

Now there's a way for you to get all the excitement that goes with dropping a baited hook into a school of spawning fish. And I guarantee that you can get this thrill any time, and in any pond, lake, river or stream you care to fish. All you need is one drop of liquid out of a little bottle I am ready to send you to try at my risk. In plain words, this liquid is a biotic gland stimulant.

It is a formula that I got from the Eskimos. Eskimos must catch fish in order to live. They can't depend on luck. They depend on a formula. I learned this secret formula from them during the years I was a guide in the Arctic. But I'll tell you about that later.

Right now I want to say this: You have never seen or heard of anything like my formula because nobody else in the entire civilized world has it. The Eskimos had another name for it, but I call it "Ketchem," because that is just what it does. And I am willing to share my fish-catching method with you without your risking one red cent. If it doesn't do everything I say it will—yes, if it doesn't do even more—then you will have a lot of fun FREE. I'll take your word for the results you get, no questions asked.

I want you to put my formula to the toughest tests you can think of. After you get your no-risk bottle of "Ketchem," just do this: Go to your favorite fishing spot, lake, pond, brook, stream or river. Fish for whatever kind of fish you want—trout, bass, salmon, perch, crappies, bullheads or anything else—including deep sea fish. Use any kind of bait you prefer—minnows, worms, artificial lures. Sit there for one hour. Tabulate the results. NOW, open your "Ketchem" bottle and put just one drop on the bait. Toss the bait back into the water and see what happens. Within two to four seconds, every fish within 200 feet will streak right to the bait. You'll be in for the greatest excitement you've ever known as a fisherman. I guarantee this. Remember, you're trying "Ketchem" entirely at my risk.

If you want to see this kind of action right before your eyes and without waiting to get to a fishing spot, do what I did recently on a television show. Maybe you saw this show. The announcer set out a goldfish bowl with



CARL HANDEL

Fishermen - Guide
He says, "Fish bite like hungry wolves when they get a whiff of 'KETCHEM'."

six goldfish in it. All six fish were either fat and lazy or else they were hypnotized by the bright light. They were almost motionless. Then I put one drop of "Ketchem" on a matchstick and stuck the matchstick in the water. It was like pulling a trigger on a loaded gun. Instantly all six of those little goldfish converged like lightning on the matchstick. They were so excited they flipped water clear out of the bowl.

Actually there's nothing mysterious about the formula that made these fat, torpid fish suddenly act like hungry wolves. Basically this Eskimo formula is nothing more than employing Nature's own way of stimulating fish to reproduce. But Nature releases this gland stimulating odor only once a year. With "Ketchem," you can perform this seeming miracle any time and any place.

"Ketchem" is absolutely harmless to fish. It has been tested and approved by CONSERVATION AUTHORITIES IN 44 OF THE 48 STATES. Conservation authorities, mind you. I have written proof of this on file

in my office. I have had many invitations from these same Conservation authorities to make up "Ketchem" in bulk form for them to use in State Fish Hatcheries. That's because "Ketchem" not only stimulates fish, it also accelerates their growth.

Well, this is about all I've got to say. Now I want you to try "Ketchem" yourself. I know that if you try it just once you'll never want to fish without it and I'll have a steady customer for life. During my years in the Arctic, I was a guide for engineers, and prospectors. We got a few millionaires too—up for the hunting and fishing. I showed them the secret of fishing I had learned from the Eskimos and one of these men prodded me into putting "Ketchem" on the market. He thought it was such a boon to fishermen that I ought to share my "secret" with others. I agreed with him and that's the reason for printing the announcement you are now reading.

What about the price of "Ketchem"? Primarily, I'm a guide and a fisherman. All I know about costs and profits are what an accountant told me. He adds up the price of the refined ingredients, the cost of the bottles, cartons, handling, wrapping, postage and what it costs to run this advertisement in the magazine. Then he added a small profit for my time and work and came up with a price of \$2.00.

So here's what you do. Use the coupon that's printed down in the corner. Write your name and address on it, stick it in an envelope with \$2.00 and drop the envelope in the corner mailbox next time you go out. Or, if you want to save \$1.00, send me a \$5 bill and I'll mail you THREE bottles of "KETCHEM" worth \$6.00. I'll hold your money as a deposit until you decide what you want to do. If you find that "Ketchem" isn't as good or better than I claim, return what's left and I'll send back your deposit by return mail. If you agree with me that this Eskimo formula really does the trick—gets you all the fish you can handle—even in "fished out" waters—then I'll keep your deposit as payment in full. I'll trust you all the way because I've never met a dishonest fisherman yet. And you have a full 90 days to make up your mind.

So fill in and mail the coupon right now. You'll be glad you did because you've got a lot of fishing fun ahead of you.

CARL HANDEL "KETCHEM," DEPT. E-44, BOX 385, FREMONT, OHIO

WORKS WONDERS

"I used 'Ketchem' and it worked wonders," says L. W. Weines of Ketchikan, Mich. "In a short time I had my limit."

ATTRACTS FISH

"'Ketchem' has a highly attractive reaction to bass." Statement from E. Dean Now, Dept. Natural Resources, State of Ohio.

LANDS RECORD BASS

"Fished for days without a strike. With 'Ketchem' on my baited hook, I landed a 4 pound bass on my third cast—a record for the year on Lake Chautauque." Bernard C. Hains, Mayville, N. Y.

CARL HANDEL "Ketchem," Dept. E-44, Box 385, Fremont, Ohio

Dear Mr. Handel:

I'll try "KETCHEM" with the understanding that I can do so for 90 days at your risk. Then if it doesn't live up to every single one of your claims, I will return the unused portion and you will send back my money by return mail. I can return it any time within 90 days and there'll be no questions asked.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$2.00 and you are to mail postage ppd.
- ☐ I want to save a dollar. Send me postage ppd. THREE (3) bottles of "KETCHEM" for which I am enclosing \$5.00.
- ☐ Send "KETCHEM" C.O.D. I will pay the postman the deposit I have checked above plus a few cents postage and C.O.D. fee charged by the post office.

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BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT GENTLE RELINER



Stand by to Scuttle Sub

Continued from page 17

flickering against the unwonted blackness covering the usually gay nocturnal setting of Manila.

The flames of Cavite were dropping astern on the port quarter when Dave once again sighted through the periscopes, this time at the radio towers on Sangley Point. He ordered a course change to the left that pointed *Perch's* snub nose toward the South Channel between Limit Point and Corregidor Island. Soon they would be in the South China Sea with its extreme depths and sudden shoalings. Dave recalled wryly the charts dotted with the ominous warning "Unsurveyed," and wondered angrily why we should have been caught in this war without even decent charts for our warships.

He turned to the shadowy form of a young seaman wearing a pair of earphones and an intercommunications microphone, standing on the after part of the darkened bridge.

"Tell sonar to be alert for propeller noises," he instructed.

In his mind's eye he could picture *Perch* being silhouetted against the distant glow of burning Cavite, an inviting target for a Japanese submarine should one be lurking in the approaches to Manila Bay. He knew he could not submerge in the channel lest its tricky currents set *Perch* on the rocks while she groped blindly beneath the surface.

"Challenge to starboard, sir!" It was his signal lookout's voice.

Dave cursed softly. He could understand that the harbor defense post on Corregidor would want to verify the identity of an unlighted ship in the channel, but he hated the need for revealing *Perch's* position by flashing a reply.

With Limit Point abeam on the port side, and dawn an hour away, Dave gave the order. The hatch clanged shut behind him. In the control room beneath the conning tower he could hear the voice of Lieutenant Johnny Ryder, his diving officer, calling out commands:

"Flood negative. . . . Down bubble five degrees." Then, "Ease your bubble . . . blow negative."

Johnny Ryder was leveling *Perch* off. The submarine came to level trim with the depth-gauge needle pointed exactly at "100."

"This is the captain speaking." Throughout the ship the crew became silent as Dave briefed his men on what they were facing. Bluntly he told them that the surface ships which had survived the initial onslaught of the Japanese were now in full flight southward where, it was hoped, they might join up with British and Dutch units in the vicinity of Java to try to hold back the Japanese advance.

"Only the submarines are left in this area," he told them. "If we can pick off enough

enemy ships, we may ease the pressure to southward and slow down the invasion of the Philippines. We can't look for any help. We're on our own. Our immediate orders are to operate along the east coast of Luzon and northward to Formosa. We should have some good hunting."

For a week they patrolled their assigned area, catching only distant sight of enemy targets too far away and too fast for them to attack. Abandoning that unfruitful zone *Perch* stood south through the Strait of Formosa after rounding the north end of that island, and took station off the Kwangtung coast of South China. For a while, Dave took the prudent course of operating in relatively deep water where *Perch* could take advantage of her only defense against enemy destroyers. But after five profitless days cruising along the hundred-fathom curve to westward of Verkerk Banks he took her into the tricky shoaling reaches off the mouth of the Pearl River.

It was Christmas night. On the calm, muddy surface of the South China Sea, *Perch* cruised at a lazy one-engine speed, recharging batteries. Twenty miles away, the glow of lights against a low deck of clouds marked the location of Hong Kong, which had fallen that day to the Japanese Army.

"Sound reports low-speed propeller noises bearing three zero five." The report called up from the conning tower broke in on Dave's thoughts.

"All ahead, full," he ordered. "Come right to three zero five."

Perch trembled under the vibrating force of her four diesels driving her at 17 knots toward the as yet unseen target.

"Battle stations, torpedo!" Dave shouted down the conning-tower hatch.

"Sound reports target now bears three one zero."

That meant the enemy ship was drawing away to the right. Dave promptly ordered *Perch* to come about to heading three two five to try to lead the target. Straining through his night glasses, he picked up the faint image of a darkened ship—a deep-laden freighter of perhaps 10,000 tons. As he watched, the bearing on the target held steady. This told him that his selection of course three two five had been lucky. They were closing on a collision heading. It was too dark to use the stadimeter to establish the target's distance, and only his seaman's eye could judge her course and speed. But for that Dave had a ready solution: he would close to point-blank range, taking the chance of discovery and possible gunfire attack in

(Continued on page 58)

First Pictures INSIDE THE LIVING BALD SCALP



Biopsies shown came from a test group who volunteered with the hope their experience would benefit other bald people. YOU don't need to undergo surgery using Brandenfels' Plan.

1. Surgical Removal of Section of Scalp for Microscopic Analysis

Many individuals, with varying scalp conditions, volunteered to participate in the Brandenfels tests conducted by medical doctors and technicians. One phase was removal of a small section of scalp tissue for microscopic analysis. The picture above shows the incision after the tissue had been removed.

4. What This Research Means

Microscopic analysis of these scalp sections proves it's possible for hair roots to be alive yet not growing hair.

5. Results Proven: After use of the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under direction of medical doctors, many of the test volunteers experienced an increase in hair growth, and other scalp benefits.

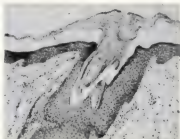
Prove Hair Roots Can Be Alive!

This is a report of a remarkable medical test made to find out why many people—even totally bald—have been able to grow new hair after use of the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage. It was discovered that even though your scalp may be entirely smooth, your hair roots (follicles)

may actually still be alive beneath the skin, lacking only proper stimulation to again grow hair. Carl Brandenfels has 23,467 letters and statements (CPA audit) reporting renewed hair growth, lessening of hair fall, relief from dandruff scale and benefits in other scalp ailments. Now read on...

2. Scalp Section

Biopsy section surgically removed. Since scalp conditions of test group varied widely these sections provided comparison of normal scalps and those not showing normal hair growth.



3. Unproductive Hair Follicle

Microscopic examination of tissue from bald area revealed follicle openings clogged with sebaceous gum. Also, follicles were noted distorted from proper form and position. Hair was not growing but these follicles (hair roots) were actually alive beneath the skin!

"I have photographed the miracle of hair regrowth"

"I am Van Smith of St. Helens, Oregon. As the photographer who took pictures of these three men I can verify that Roy Smith (no relative), Oiva Wittika and Eldon Beerbower have actually regrown hair, thanks to the Brandenfels Home Plan. I have seen how true it is that even on smooth areas it is obvious the roots were still alive when new growth followed use of the Brandenfels Plan."



Hair regrowth for Roy Smith, rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near-baldness that friends could hardly believe what they saw.



Air Force doctors were unable to help Oiva Wittika when he lost all his hair, and he was bald when he was discharged. What a change!



From complete baldness to tight fuzz in 8 weeks (picture he's holding), Eldon Beerbower's final reward was a full head of hair.

Brandenfels' HOME plan of Scalp Applications and Massage offers real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial number of cases although as with any remedy, results may vary with individuals—because of systemic differences, general health or localized scalp conditions.

If you have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! Send right now for a 5-week supply and immediately begin use of these wonderful formulas and special massage method—at home! Only \$18. Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

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I will enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing).

Ship prepaid.

I will enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).

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C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

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(Continued from page 56)

order to get so close that errors in estimate would not be fatally large.

"All tubes ready," Ken Schacht called from the conning tower. Schacht was *Perch's* gunnery and torpedo officer. Dave could sense the excitement in his voice as Schacht prepared to fire a torpedo in anger for the first time in his naval career.

"Set depth for 12 feet," Dave directed. "Range one one double oh. Stand by."

"Gyro angle zero. . . . Range nine double oh."

That would be his final instruction to the torpedomen in the forward torpedo room. In a matter of seconds they would have the gyro guidance mechanism on the torpedoes set for a "zero angle" straight shot.

"Shoot!"

HARD on the heels of his command, he heard Ken Schacht's confirming report, "One away." In quick succession the remaining three torpedoes sped on their way. The luminous sweep hand on his watch ticked off their time of run. The time ran out for number one, and no rewarding explosion rent the night sky. The Japanese freighter held her course and speed, blissfully unaware that an American torpedo had passed under her keel without exploding. Number two and number three ran their fruitless course. When the time was within three seconds for number four torpedo, a blinding flash lit the sea and a thundering shock struck *Perch* with shattering force. Through it came the screech of flying scraps of steel and the rending of metal as shrapnel drove into the conning-tower superstructure close to where Dave Hurt stood on the bridge.

Now at last the Japanese freighter changed course, putting her stern toward the direction of the explosion. Her whistle screamed a call for help from patrol units while her radio called more distant craft to the scene. The three-inch gun on her stern flashed ominously, sending shells screaming over the submarine.

"Dive! Dive!" Dave ordered.

Although *Perch* could make only a maximum of ten knots submerged, he wanted to get her down until he could determine if there were any fast enemy patrol craft in the immediate vicinity. At 100 feet, *Perch* stood eastward toward deeper water, almost scraping the bottom in her fight with at times a bare 20 feet between her and the mud.

"What happened?" Schacht asked. "I know we must have missed on the first three, but the fourth went off with a real bang. Sounded like it was right on top of us."

"It was," Dave answered. "It ran a circular path and headed right back for us. It's just good luck that it exploded prematurely or we'd have been blown to bits. That *Jap maru* certainly got off with a cheap thrill."

"Did the other three do the same thing?" Schacht inquired.

"I thought I got a glimpse of their wakes close aboard the target. My guess is that they ran too deep and the magnetic exploders didn't work."

Dismissing the matter as something about which he could do nothing constructive, Dave addressed himself to the business of getting his ship out of danger. "Ask sonar if there are any high-speed propeller indications," he directed the talker.

"Nothing except receding low-speed pro-

peller noises from the *maru*," came the response.

"Surface," he ordered.

When *Perch* came up from her dive, Dave put all four diesels on the line and stood eastward at full speed to get clear of the enemy search which their abortive attack was certain to bring on. He could feel in the silence of his crew the sense of depression that he shared with them. After weeks of futile patrolling in the Philippine Sea it was disheartening to fail in an attack which, by all the rules of chance, could not possibly have missed. Only the erratic behavior of number four torpedo suggested that it was missile defect rather than poor attack technique which led to fiasco.

Two hours later *Perch* slowed to two-engine speed and, with one engine on the job of charging batteries, began to cruise slowly in the shipping lanes approaching Hong Kong. The fleet broadcast that night carried an encoded message that Admiral Hart was departing Manila in the submarine *Shark* to take command of his surface forces in the Java Sea. It also advised all U.S. naval vessels that only Malacca and Singapore were still in Allied hands, and that the submarine headquarters for the southwest Pacific had been established at Darwin, Australia.

With so much of the South China coast being closed off, Dave Hurt had to take a new look at his ship's fuel supply. Darwin was almost 2,000 miles away, and *Perch* had already used up a good portion of her diesel supply. He elected to stand south toward Singapore to be nearer his base when the time came to go there, and at the same time prowled hopefully in search of the Japanese surface forces deploying southward toward the Dutch East Indies.

The night of December 28 found *Perch* threading her way through the shoal-studded coastal waters off Cochin China some 20 miles to seaward of Saigon. The night was clear, starlit, and moonless—a good night for submariners who could see the bulk of their targets far more readily than could the enemy lookouts spot the low silhouette of the undersea boat. Dave paced the bridge restlessly, trying to will a Japanese into range, beset by futile re-examination of the attack off Hong Kong. A realist and his own severe critic, he realized that only another go at an enemy ship would provide real evidence on which to base conclusions as to whether he, his crew, or the torpedoes had been at fault.

"Target on the starboard bow!"

"Sound reports low-speed propellers bearing two two five."

The lookout report, followed immediately by confirming sonar contact, established beyond doubt that something lay off there in the night. Training out the powerful night binoculars of the Target Bearing Transmitter, he immediately picked up the image of a medium-sized freighter. If the ship were a neutral, she would be displaying the normal running lights. The freighter which he studied through the glasses was skulking along the shallow coastal waters in total darkness.

"High-speed propeller noises bearing two two zero!"

With that clue from the sonar man, Dave now was able to make out the smaller silhouette of a Japanese escort ship.

"Battle stations, torpedo! Surface!"

Even if *Perch's* periscopes had been good enough to sight an enemy at night (which they were not), Dave would still have elected to make a night surface attack despite the threatening presence of the escort. Only thus could he hope to follow the tracks of his torpedoes and resolve one way or the other the questions raised by the Hong Kong failure.

With the cross hairs of the TBT lined up on the freighter, he pressed the button which transmitted the bearing to the conning tower where Ken Schacht would be cranking it into his Torpedo Data Computer together with information being worked up on the plotting board by Beverly Van Buskirk, executive officer and navigator.

"Range estimate one five double oh. . . . Stand by to fire bow tubes."

"Bow tubes ready."

Tense silence reigned on the bridge and throughout the ship.

"Lookouts below," Dave spoke quietly. He would want everything set for a quick dive when the escorts turned to attack. He was alone on the bridge, his whole mind concentrated on that shadowy bulk growing larger by the minute.

"Range one one double oh. . . . Stand by. . . . Shoot!"

The snort of high-pressure air from the number one forward tube heralded the departure of the first torpedo. The other three followed at precisely timed intervals, their wakes clearly visible in the twilight starlight. After what seemed like endless minutes of crawling, the wake of number one intersected the center line of the target. Silence.

The dull weight of frustration settled on his thoughts. He was tempted to turn away from the binoculars.

First, it was a blinding flash that completely wiped out his night vision. Then came the heavy roar—a distant roar—a roar from about range one one double oh.

"Sound reports violent explosion and breaking-up noises," said the elated report from the conning tower. Dave didn't even notice that numbers three and four torpedoes had missed.

As his vision returned, he could see the freighter still making headway, flames from the freighter section blowing aft to engulf her bridge and superstructure. Then he saw something else—the forward twin mount of the escort ship spurted angry orange flame, and two shells raised columns of water a scant 100 yards to starboard.

"Dive! Dive!—150 feet!"

Air blubbed out of the vents as he slammed the conning-tower hatch shut behind him. He knew that a depth of 150 feet gave him little protection from depth charges. But he also knew that in these shoal reaches there was at most 160 feet of water.

They were still on their way down when the Japanese warship loosed the first string of depth charges. The lethal cylinders fell with grim accuracy toward *Perch*, shaking and tossing the submarine so violently that navigational instruments and other loose gear were sent flying to the deck.

"All stop," Dave ordered. "Rig for silent running. Keep her negative."

With no power on the motors and in a state of negative buoyancy, *Perch* settled

rapidly, then came to rest in the slimy cushion of muddy bottom. Bottoming is not a comfortable course of action, because it makes a submarine a sitting duck for surface attackers. But it is the only means of making a ship completely silent.

They could hear the target's breaking-up noises. They could also hear the escort's screws slow as he checked his speed for more accurate listening search. The faint *chug-chug* of an auxiliary pump in the enemy's engine room punctuated the absolute silence. Then the surface prowler started up at high speed. Tautly *Perch's* men braced for what might be the fatal termination of their mission.

Barrooom! Barrooom!

THE depth charges came closer, then receded. Obviously, the surface stalker was dropping a line which this time did not cross the silent, mud-clutched submarine. For more than an hour *Perch* remained bottomed. The escort had given up after 20 minutes and they heard his propeller cavitation recede in the direction of the stricken merchant steamer. The breaking-up noises continued, but it was apparent that the *maru* was a stubborn bird. It would have been nice to wait around to confirm their kill, but the probability that more enemy ships would come out and perhaps renew the search suggested the prudence of getting out of there.

"Blow negative," Dave ordered. "Bring her to 60 feet. I'll try a look through the high scope. At least I should be able to see if she's still burning."

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slow speed for silent running, *Perch* headed seaward, slowly creeping to periscope depth of 60 feet.

"Up scope," Dave ordered. Nothing happened.

"Up scope!" he repeated impatiently. "No use, Captain," the machinist mate at the periscope riser control told him. "The scope's jammed. We have hydraulic pressure, but it won't come up."

Dave recalled that the enemy's first string of depth charges had included one that shook them up quite a bit. Apparently it had bent the scope in its track. With no periscope, a submarine has limited combat capability. Worse than that, operating in enemy waters in daylight became a hazardous matter because to surface without a preliminary periscope check of the situation was to ask for death.

Two hours and six miles later, *Perch* surfaced. Astern of them the bright glow of the burning *maru* had disappeared. Fairly good evidence that she had sunk—but not good enough to earn *Perch* credit for an actual sinking. The best they could hope for was an assessment of "probably sunk," with the less rewarding verdict of "damaged" more likely. Submariners who assessed the work of the Silent Service were regarded judges of the work of their group.

RUNNING fast on the surface at night, threading her way in a dangerous game of blindman's buff during the daylight hours, *Perch* tortuously made her way southward through the shallow reaches of the western Java Sea, through the Sunda Strait and into the Indian Ocean. Once clear of the South Java coast, Dave surfaced and made four-engine speed to Darwin. In a characteristic northwest monsoon rain *Perch* made a landfall sighting of Charles Point, exchanged recognition signals with a Royal Australian Navy minesweeper doing guard duty at the harbor entrance, and 30 minutes later gratefully tied up alongside the railway jetty. The submarine tenders *Holland* and *Isabel* had not yet arrived, and *Canopus* was still at

Manila supporting the dwindling number of submarines who made stealthy forays into Bataan Peninsula to evacuate American and Philippine civilian dignitaries before the American forces were compelled to surrender to the Japanese. So *Perch's* weary crew turned to after a day's rest to repair their ship, assisted by willing but untrained mechanics.

Two weeks later, *Perch* put to sea with orders to patrol off Kendari, Celebes, which on January 24 had fallen to the fast-moving amphibious forces of the Japanese southern invasion force. She arrived after the main striking force had completed its mission, and found no targets. Amid radio reports of bitter surface action in the Molucca and Banda seas, *Perch* always seemed to be at the wrong place. Dave Hurt and his crew were becoming a bit discouraged at being left out. On the night of February 26, Dave turned southward to take up a new patrol station in the Bali Sea. The nightly intercept of the "Fox" broadcast carrying official radio messages from Cincpac and Cincasitac headquarters relayed a series of dismal reports of Allied retreats and defeats. The combined naval command consisting of American, British, Australian, and Dutch units, harassed by poor communications, was no match for the closely knit, well-trained, and victory-conscious forces of the Japanese Navy. With the need so obvious for every Allied unit to get in its strikes, Dave felt a mounting sense of frustration at the ineffectual record of *Perch* since the day she had slipped out of Manila Bay more than two months ago.

The night of February 25 was clear with light air and smooth sea. Off to port the 900-foot peak on tiny Wangwangi Island showed clearly some 16 miles away. Dave Hurt paced restlessly on *Perch's* narrow bridge. Sharing the watch was Van Buskirk, scanning this menacing stretch of sea. Between them there was a taut silence.

"Target dead ahead!"

Dave leaped to the TBT and trained its powerful binoculars toward the sighting. The two masts and single funnel of a 10,000-ton



"Darling, this is Miss Sawyers, our new neighbor."

freighter showed up with absolute clarity. "Propeller noises bearing one eight five," came the report from maro.

"Battle stations, surface! All ahead full!" Dave called. "Ask sonar for a revolution count." A count of the revolutions of the target's propeller would give a valuable clue to her speed and help to make for accurate solution of the firing problem.

"Can't give a count," the report came back. "There are two sets of noises."

Dave searched the horizon again, and saw the reason. On the far side of the merchantman, just emerging from its obscuring shade, slid a Japanese destroyer escort changing course in normal screening pattern to protect his convoy. For a moment he thought *Perch* had been sighted as the destroyer changed course in their direction. Then the warship steadied down in the same heading as the *maru*, manifestly just changing station from one bow to the other.

Dave held to heading one eight five, letting the enemy group draw away to port. Although a bow shot would be preferable, he figured to cross astern of the merchant ship and attack from the quarter away from the destroyer. With the warship blanked off and the enemy lookouts probably concentrating their attention ahead, he counted on being able to close the target to point-blank range before being sighted.

Perch crossed the enemy's track about a mile astern of the *maru*, and then swung to one four zero to start his stern chase. The convoy steamed steadily ahead at a leisurely 12 knots. With a speed advantage of six knots, the submarine could work up to good firing position in ten minutes.

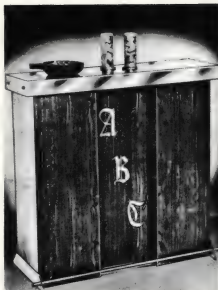
The minutes crept by as *Perch* stealthily overtook her prospective victim, growing larger as the range shortened. Dave had eyes for nothing but the foremost of the *maru*, transfixed on the cross hairs of the TBT.

"Destroyer's crossing over, sir!" "Stand by to fire bow tubes!" Almost immediately, Dave's "Clear the bridge!" sent the lookouts scrambling below. For another tense moment he trained the TBT vane on the target and then pressed the button to send the final bearing below. "Shoot!"

THE first torpedo leaped from the bow tube. Number two followed in four seconds. Then number three. In the few seconds before the final torpedo was on its way, a pair of alert eyes on the bridge of the destroyer picked up *Perch*'s low contour. A red signal rocket shot skyward, the merchantman frantically changed course to present a reduced target area to the oncoming torpedoes, and the destroyer heeled over and bore down on the submarine.

"Dive! Dive!"

The opening salvo from the destroyer's guns screamed overhead as Dave slammed the conning-tower hatch shut behind him. *Perch* was clawing for deep water at top speed when she shuddered under the impact of a blast that momentarily deafened those in the conning tower. The detonation of lesser explosions close aboard told them that the destroyer's excellent fire control had bracketed them neatly with his second salvo. It told them, too, that they were in for a very accurate depth charging because there was no room for doubt as to their position at submergence.



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"Come right to two two five," Dave ordered. Changing course as she dived decreased the accuracy of the onrushing destroyer's depth charges. They heard his high-speed screws rumble vengefully overhead, then waited out the seconds until the first depth charge dropped. It actually wasn't so bad. Some loose gear was scattered about, and *Perch* pitched sharply under the impact, but in the main she fared very well because the destroyer had made a significant error in depth-setting his charges. With plenty of water under them, Dave sent *Perch* to 250 feet, rigged for silent running, and prepared with his shipmates to ride out the depth-charge attack. The attack was short-lived and none too accurate. Either the destroyer figured his gunfire hit had finished the submarine or else he decided it was too risky to let his merchant ship wander off alone to become the victim of another sea raider possibly in the area.

Two hours and 20 miles from the disappearing convoy, Dave brought his beaten *Perch* to the surface and surveyed the results of the encounter in tight-lipped silence. Damage to the enemy: zero. At point-blank range, the four torpedoes had failed to score a single hit. Damage to the *Perch*: not too serious. The watertight trunk housing the antenna had been struck by the enemy's shell, and the blast had twisted bridge fittings, throwing the TBT out of line so that it would require overhaul at a repair yard before it could again be used for tracking enemy targets. In the remaining hours of darkness, the men of the *Perch* cleared away the wreckage and rigged an emergency antenna.

Shortly before dawn, Dave handed the radio operator a message to Comsubasitac reporting their enemy contact.

"Can't get much antenna radiation," the operator reported. "I don't know if that message got through."

"Can you receive on that thing?" Dave asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Darwin and Manila are both coming in okay. That's why I think we didn't get through. We didn't get any acknowledgment of the message."

AT first light, Dave took *Perch* down to periscope depth to avoid the probable air search which the enemy would send out to comb the area of the night's engagement. Four hours of daylight passed without incident, and Dave surfaced his ship to enable him to clear the area at greater speed. They were heading southwestward in the Flores Sea when the radio operator handed Dave a message. Addressed to all U.S. submarines in the Southwest Pacific, it directed them to leave their previously assigned stations and patrol the north coast of Java to fend off a Japanese invasion force.

In the bright light of a Java moon on the night of March 1, *Perch's* lookouts sighted two Japanese destroyers steaming in column on a southerly course. Dave Hurt took her down in an emergency dive to 60 feet, then trained his periscope on the two enemy warships. They passed well clear astern and continued on course. Dave sent down the periscope and ordered one-third speed toward the area of the expected landing. He could not hope to catch the destroyers, but transports preparing to disembark troops would be fine targets.

"High-speed propellers approaching!"

Through the quickly raised scope, Dave saw that the enemy destroyers had turned at a point about five miles away and were racing down toward *Perch*.

"Stand by to fire bow tubes!"

The leading Japanese destroyer slowed for the obvious purpose of setting a listening watch on his sound gear. In doing so, he swung off course, presenting an inviting profile to the submarine. Gently, Dave brought *Perch* to a firing course and silently closed the range. With the outer torpedo tube doors open and hands at firing keys awaiting orders, the range closed almost to a point-blank 600 yards.

"High-speed propeller noises approaching!"

The quickly elevated periscope revealed the target destroyer bearing down on them at top speed. A shot was out of the question. Only with the best of luck could they escape being rammed.

"Down scope! Emergency 108 feet!"

At 100 feet, the first string of depth charges walked past them, none close enough to do any damage. As they congratulated themselves on escaping that bad situation, *Perch's* men were thrown from their feet by the ship's suddenly coming to a sliding stop.

"We've run aground!" Van Buskirk yelled.

The depth gauge pointed to 147 feet. *Perch* was a victim of the old, inaccurate charts with which our ships had to operate during the early stages of the war.

"All back full," Dave Hurt ordered. "Blow negative."

Perch vibrated heavily as her propellers, spinning half-blade deep in the soft silt, vainly sought to pull her free from the suction effect of the muddy cradle into which she had been driven. With the noise of her own frantic efforts to free herself blanketing out the sonar gear, the submarine was helpless to detect and follow the maneuvering of the destroyers above. The same noise provided a pinpoint clue for the enemy.

A familiar, deadly series of explosions, increasing in violence, heralded the fact that the surface attacker was on the trail with his depth charges. The shattering roar of a depth charge exploding within a few yards slammed *Perch* into a sharp list to port. The lights went out, and simultaneously the vibration of her own propellers abruptly stopped.

"Motor field relays tripped," came the report from the maneuvering room, followed by a cheery "We'll have power in about one minute."

The dim light of the emergency circuit faintly glowed throughout the ship. Silence told them that the enemy destroyer was maneuvering for another run.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 14-15, Carl Perutz, Wide World, European; pp. 16-17, US Navy; pp. 20-21, European; pp. 22-23, Official US Navy Photograph, European, Camera Clix; pp. 26-27, UPI, US Air Force; pp. 28-31, Dimitri-Dexaux-Globe. Cover by George Gross.

Water trickled down from the distorted conning-tower hatch. Air bubbled audibly from a ruptured high-pressure air tank, sending to the surface a fixed marker for the destroyer to carry on his attack. The rending blast had, they knew, almost certainly ruptured at least one fuel tank, adding a spreading slick to the air bubbles as a surface point of aim for the enemy.

"Ready to answer bells on the starboard shaft," came the word from the maneuvering room. "Port motor grounded."

Dave Hurt weighed their situation anew. In World War I it had been axiomatic among destroyer men that when air and oil came to the surface after an attack on a submarine and the sound gear detected only silence, the submarine had been destroyed. He hoped that the surface stalkers might think the same.

"Rig silent," Dave ordered. "Cut off all auxiliaries."

THROUGHOUT the quiet ship, men could hear the sound of the destroyer's propellers gaining in volume as she returned to their position. But trained ears, including those of Dave Hurt, noted that the beat was slower—too slow for a ship which intended to drop depth charges. The propellers grew nearer, stopped turning, ground in reverse as the destroyer checked her way, and then completely silenced.

After an interminable ten minutes, the destroyer's propellers began to turn, first at moderate and then at high speed. They grew dim with distance, then faded altogether. In *Perch's* hull, gray-faced men found the way and reason to smile—to smile in silence, lest there be a sleeper patrol ship on the surface waiting quietly to pounce if the submarine should show evidence of life. The trickle of water continued from the conning-tower hatch, a steady stream flowed in through a cracked weld in the air-conditioning supply flange. Eventually, the water would rise to a level which would short out the power supply, and combine with battery acid to fill the boat with fatally poisonous chlorine fumes. But that was hours away—hours which, if lived through in freedom from enemy attack, would give *Perch* a chance to wrest herself from the muddy tentacles which held her fast to the bottom.

In the lengthening silence, men's hearing became abnormally acute. The splash of water from the leaky hatch sounded like a mountain waterfall.

TWO hours crawled by. The dials on the bulkhead clock registered three in the morning. Sunrise would occur at six. Dave realized that if he were going to get to the surface he would have to make his play now. His men could not survive remaining submerged throughout the daylight period ahead, because the moderate leaks in the hull would be by that time have raised the water to fatal depths.

He gave his orders quietly: "Battle stations, surface!" There were torpedoes in both the forward and after tubes. When *Perch* rose, he wanted her in trim to fight if the enemy were close aboard.

"Blow bow buoyancy tank." Lightened forward, *Perch* stirred perceptibly, but the soft mud into which she had sunk deeper during her trial by silence still held her fast. Dave knew that his propellers were now deep in the mud. It was useless to try their one good



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motor with the certainty that it would be overloaded and perhaps fatally damaged before the relays could trip out.

"Blow the after ballast tanks," he directed. *Perch* stirred, then abruptly rose sharply by the stern. Men and loose equipment tumbled forward until they checked against compartment bulkheads. Bruises there were, but none noticed them in the happy knowledge that the ship was now certain to break free.

"Flood the after ballast tanks," Dave ordered. As *Perch* started to settle by the stern, he called for full backing power on the starboard shaft. *Perch* shot astern in sudden freedom from the mud.

It was a sorry spectacle that greeted Hurt and his lookouts as they climbed to the bridge. Both periscopes were bent at crazy angles, their lens-shielding windows smashed in. A litter of smashed antenna insulators and depth-charge fragments covered the deck. The conning-tower fairing was riddled.

Throughout the ship, men organized into repair parties to plug the leaks in the hull and restore as much of their power plant as could be managed.

Number one main diesel engine coughed to life, roared to high speed, and then ended its life in a scream of tortured metal as its governors failed. Number four main engine clanked helplessly when the starting air was turned on, its camshaft a casualty of the merciless depth charging. Numbers two and three, 50 per cent of a submarine's normal power, were still in operating condition. A bit of good news was the report from the maneuvering room that the ground in the port electric motor had been located and corrected.

WITH one diesel engine on main propulsion and the other hooked up to recharge the batteries at maximum rate, *Perch* hauled southward toward the Java coast in search of enemy transports reported to be landing invasion troops close to Surabaya. Dawn was still two hours away, but *Perch* was not to enjoy an immunity so long. Eight miles north of the entrance to Surabaya

Strait, an enemy destroyer, invisible against the background of the Java hills, sighted the submarine and was almost on top of it before the weary lookouts and damaged sonar gear picked her up.

"Dive! Dive!"

This time, Dave put *Perch* aground intentionally. With her machinery so badly mauled in the previous working over, it was useless to try to run submerged. She settled gently on the bottom at 190 feet, and her tired crew settled into silence as their only defense against the ordeal ahead. The damaged air flask and ruptured fuel tank which had served to guide the enemy and later to deceive him had been emptied. This time there would be no revealing stream of bubbles and oil to help the Japanese destroyer. But he didn't need it. He was right on with his first series of charges. And he stayed on.

THE old leaks, poorly plugged in hasty repair, started up immediately. New ones quickly developed. Desperately, Dave Hurt brought her up to 20 feet off the bottom and drove her ahead at full power while the enemy destroyer was turning to start his second run. Then *Perch* silenced her machinery and settled once more into the mud. But the enemy destroyer was not thrown off the track. His next string dealt murderous blows, dishing in a section of the pressure hull so that water streamed past stretched rivets. Two torpedoes, shaken loose in the forward tubes, made hot runs, slamming against the closed outer doors of the tubes, threatening to blow the ship to pieces.

For five hours the destroyer and others called to the scene methodically worked over the dying submarine and its men, silently sitting out their mind-searing torture 200 feet below the surface of the Java Sea. A battery cell cracked, spilling its acid into the sloshing salt water in the bilges. The after battery room was sealed off, isolating the men in the after part of the ship from those in the control room and forward compartments. With communications severed, neither part of the crew knew how the other fared or what damage was being done in the rest of the ship.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the Japanese warships steamed away, confident that they had disposed of *Perch* for good. By all logical reasoning they were correct, but *Perch* and her men did not yield to logic. Quietly they set about making minimum essential repairs to restore communications and stop the more serious leaks. They worked slowly to conserve their dwindling supply of air, then settled down to silent inaction, determined to live out the daylight hours during which it would have been suicide to surface for any purpose other than surrendering. That thought had not occurred to them.

"Both motors ready to answer bells," came the cheery report from the maneuvering room late in the afternoon.

By cautiously operating their noisy bilge pumps for short periods of time, they kept the water level down sufficiently to avoid grounding the power cables. The air thickened. The temperature rose. Moisture condensed on the hull and ran in rivulets down the bulkheads. Breathing became labored gasping. Eyes watched the clock tick off the slow passage of daylight. Minds estimated their chances of surviving suffocation until nightfall. Somehow, survive they did.

"Blow the main ballast tanks," Dave croaked the order through parched lips. With desperate sluggishness, the machinist mate at the air manifold opened the valves that let in air to the tanks to expel their tons of water. But it did not work, because the tank vents were too badly twisted to hold air. Everyone knew that that effort had dangerously lowered their remaining supply of compressed air, without which they could not restore buoyancy to the ship.

REACTING to the routine of endless peacetime emergency drills, the *Perch*'s men methodically closed the emergency vents which, if they were still in working order, would seal the tanks airtight and permit the expulsion of their loads of water. There was air enough left for one more try. Half-suffocated, Dave Hurt dragged himself from one control to another to check that the vent mechanism had been properly operated by the exhausted men who handled the levers. Desperately he hoped that his own senses were not too dulled to catch any error that might have been made.

"All back full," he gasped through the communication line to the maneuvering room. There was a moment of silence, then the men felt *Perch* tremble as the propellers churned up the slimy bottom. There was a barely perceptible sliding motion of the hull, or so it seemed to the desperately hopeful men trapped in the battered ship.

"All ahead full," Dave whispered. "Blow ballast tanks."

It may have been minutes. It seemed like hours to the men. *Perch* trembled in violent struggle with the mud, then miraculously the depth-gauge needle swung across its face registering her return to the surface. With energy born of restored hope, men climbed to their feet and shuffled to their battle stations. Eager hands spun the conning-tower hatch control wheel and pushed it open to admit the life-giving air. Calling on their nearly empty batteries for one more effort, Dave ordered the blowers set in motion to air out the ship.

It was one o'clock in the morning.

Three of the four diesels were beyond repair. The fourth, bouncing crazily on loosened



hold-down studs, produced enough power to give *Perch* a surface speed of five knots. One auxiliary engine dribbled a small but steady supply of current into their depleted batteries. The steering engine snapped the rudder erratically in unpredictable spurts, so they went to hand steering. Hydraulic power to the diving planes could not be restored, so they worked them by manpower. The deck gun was a twisted mass of metal. But they still had six torpedo tubes that could fire. *Perch* prepared to resume her approach to the Japanese invasion force. Dave Hurt hailed southward toward Surabaya.

AT four o'clock, an hour before daybreak on the morning of March 3, Dave decided to make a trim dive to test *Perch's* capabilities to descend for attack or escape. Scarcely had the main deck gone beneath the surface when water poured into the hull. Frantically they blew all tanks and cut in every pump that would operate. *Perch* checked her desperate dive at a depth of 80 feet, then reluctantly rose to the surface. When she finally poked her bow out of the water, the engine room was flooded up to the base of the generators. The stern could not be brought up to normal surface trim.

The hills on Madura Island loomed clearly in the predawn twilight. Her stern dragging, but her head proudly in the air, *Perch* crawled toward Surabaya Strait. She was done for. She and her crew knew it, for the nearest friendly port was almost 700 miles away. The nearest friendly ship had already been sent to the bottom in the savage and tragic battles of Sunda Strait and the Java Sea. A few battered surface units were fleeing hopelessly toward the Australia they would never see again. Shattered, dying *Perch* was the last Allied ship in the vast reaches of the East Indies to advance against the enemy.

At 4:30, *Perch* made contact with the enemy. Three Japanese destroyers, patrolling off the entrance to Surabaya Strait, wheeled and closed in on this twisted apparition of a submarine. Perhaps they wondered if what they saw could be true. Perhaps, as fighting men themselves, they marveled and were a little proud of the battered enemy that sluggishly turned in a desperate attempt to bring her torpedo tubes to bear for a final salvo. For some reason, possibly those, they maneuvered about her, easily keeping clear of her torpedo tubes. Then one of them sent a lone shell whistling past her bow.

"Man your abandon-ship stations," Dave Hurt ordered.

Another shell screamed past. "Open all sea valves."

A salvo straddled *Perch* as her after main deck went beneath the surface.

"Abandon ship!"

Dave Hurt and Bev Van Buskirk stepped into the sea as the bridge deck sank beneath them.

Her tired batteries and shattered motors drove *Perch* on her last dive under her own power.

COMMANDER HURT and his entire crew were picked up by the Japanese surface ships that surrounded her in her last dive. Their captors treated her well, showing a sea fighter's respect for the bravery of an opponent. Only when they fell into the savage forces ashore in the home islands of Japan were they subjected to the torture that was to cost the lives of nine of them. ■

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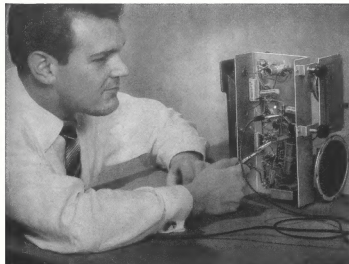
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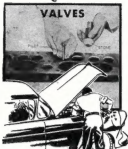
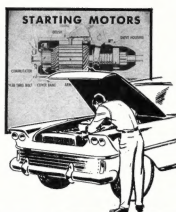
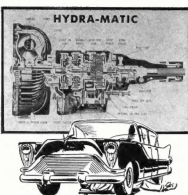
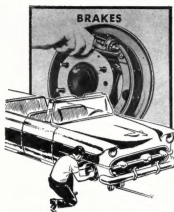
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